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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 24, 1952

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 24, 1952

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PEACE ON EARTH? Our cover:

THE ever-welcome message of Christmas is Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.

During the festive season most Christians throughout the world practise this message with the exchange of presents, greetings, and general good-fellowship.

But throughout the rest of the year, in the collective lives of world citizens, it goes by the board.

The bloodshed in Korea, Indo-China, and Malaya is a complete negation of all that peace and goodwill mean.

Men are dying on these battlefields. Women and children unfortunate enough to get in the way of war's terrible machine are also dying.

And the reason? Simply man's lust for power and disregard of his fellow man.

The ordinary citizen does not hold the reins of power. He cannot parley with foreign rulers nor can he halt wars.

But he can, in his own small way, try to spread the spirit of peace. By recognising the rights of his neighbor and fellow-worker and restraining his own aggressiveness—without loss of initiative, of course—he can contribute towards a good existence for all.

Universal application is needed to make the meaning of the Christmas message really mean something.

If the billions of individuals in the world applied this meaning to their daily lives the delicious serenity of peace and goodwill might slowly become an accepted part of every man's life.

Parables about a fisherman - and a snowflake

Book reviews by
HELEN FRIZELL

"EACH man kills the thing he loves," says Oscar Wilde, and in a different sense Ernest Hemingway applies this theme to the love of an old man for the giant fish he has hooked.

"The Old Man and the Sea" is a noble and moving book, written with the greatest simplicity.

The old man, for most of the story, is quite alone in his boat, which floats upon the Gulf Stream. At the end of his line is hooked a giant fish, which is even bigger than the boat and is able to drag it farther and farther out to sea.

It is difficult to know, therefore, whether the fish has hooked the man or the man the fish.

The fisherman knows that this is a battle for survival. He has gone 84 days without taking a fish, and now his luck has turned. If he succeeds in reaching harbor with his fish, he will earn money to buy food and new lines. If he cannot outwit the fish, he will die.

In the end it is the fish who yields. The old man lashes its bulk to his skiff and makes for home.

Blood from the dead fish brings the sharks. They keep coming until of the great fish there only remain its head and tail.

And so he comes to harbor with proof of his catch, and the taste of death in his mouth.

An allegory, this book, in which the fish itself symbolises the man. Victory is rarely complete, winners and losers are soon one in facing lesser attackers. Yet the fisherman, if he lives, will go again, having to help him this time a boy whom he has trained in the ways of fish and of the sea.

Published by Jonathan Cape. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

● Our cover this week shows the Sara Quads at the height of their Christmas celebrations. With their caps at rakish angles they have all descended on a toy car, one of their presents. Judith is in the driver's seat and Mark is on the bonnet, while Alison and Phillip are standing behind.

This week:

● Staff reporter Helen Frizell and staff photographer Bill Howarth, who were both in the Services during the war, had an appointment with nostalgia when they went to meet the Anshun, which brought 140 soldiers home for Christmas from Korea. (Helen wrote the story and Bill took some of the color pictures which are on pages 16 and 17). "It was just like 1945 and 1946 all over again," said Helen. "At that time, though, everybody was coming home for good. The ones we met had left behind good mates still fighting in the frozen front line of Korea. But the boys on leave were all wonderfully happy—to say nothing of the way the people who have been waiting for them felt. It was just like starting Christmas a couple of weeks ahead of schedule."

Next week:

● About nine years ago the Hokey Pokey became popular as a dance. Now it has reappeared as a beach game. At Coolangatta, the popular Queensland watering place, crowds of up to 300 play it on the sand—it's one of the sights of the holiday season. Next week we have some amusing pictures of the fun.

● Her Majesty the Queen approaches the year of her Coronation as a magnificently romantic and popular monarch. This year that is closing, though marred by the sadness of her father's death, has been one of personal triumph for her. Next week we review the first year of her reign in superb color pictures.

BRINGING the purity of a white Christmas to the hot Australian summer comes Paul Gallico's small miracle of a book entitled "Snowflake."

It is simply the story of a snowflake which falls from a grey cloud on to a mountain slope, melts, and flows with a river to the sea.

At first sight, this theme of the life and death of a snowflake looks too fragile to be sustained. Yet Gallico manages it beautifully in his deceptively simple style.

Open the book anywhere and read it aloud to the children and the magic is there:

"The snowflake lay on the side of the slope overlooking the village and the church with the curious steeple shaped like an onion, and below this was a school and a number of little houses with peaked roofs, many with pictures in gay colors painted beneath the eaves."

When warmth comes once more from the sun, the snowflake is transformed from "a lace-like creature of stars and crosses" into a crystal-clear drop and is whirled away to the river.

That is the story for children, but beneath it lies the story of mankind, as symbolised by a snowflake. For, behind his snowflake, Paul Gallico has his Christmas vision.

Nothing is in vain, he states. "The snowflake and the sun were one in significance in the scheme of Creation."

All created things, Gallico says with sincerity, play their part by simply existing and by behaving according to their natures.

It is an almost Biblical theme, and is presented in an altogether charming way.

Published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Quote:

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

DINAH MARIA CRAIK,
Christmas Carol.

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Night baseball attracts big crowds

South Australia's recently inaugurated 20-week summer-night baseball season, the first venture of its kind in the Commonwealth, is a brilliant success.

NIGHT baseball has attracted big crowds ever since the umpire gave the opening call "play ball" in the first game at the Norwood Oval, Adelaide. Although baseball has been established for many years, its following has been rather limited until now, so that the game presented as a summer-night sport played in flood-lighting is a novel spectacle for its thousands of excited spectators.

The powerful lights make the grass greener and the colorful uniforms, designed especially for night play, more brilliant. The rollicking theme song, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," coming over the amplifier gives the Hollywood touch.

In baseball the tempo is fast. Once the play starts, action never lets up, and it takes experienced radio commentator Mel Cameron, a former baseballer, all his time to describe the play, explain the game, and hurl his quota of quips.

"His arm is as rusty as an old gate. Hear it creak," he will say of a pitcher. There is something frankly personal about baseball. Criticism is expected and often invited.

No inhibitions

AFTER all, in America, the home of the ball game, abuse has been in chief diet. And that's how it is going here. The crowds never let up in their good-natured yelling. They cheer instructions to the players and play the game for them until the spectators haven't any inhibitions left.

They boo, they coo, and when they are not "giving the works" to a player they are "going the umpire" in the true baseball tradition.

Baseball in Australia has seen quite a few generations of players. It has been a regular winter sport, highlighted by the annual interstate baseball carnival in which the cream of each State's players have journeyed to the various capitals in rotation to match their skill.

Eighteen months ago, after the players in the last carnival in Adelaide dispersed, some baseball "elders" conceived the idea of continuing the game into summer. They formed the Night Baseball Association, and now their idea, after considerable setbacks, is a thriving reality.

The Norwood Oval is lit by 100



floodlamps, giving a total of one million candlepower. They are erected on top of two 80ft. concrete and steel poles, and each light is focused on a particular part of the field.

Because they illuminate brilliantly the near side of the fast-moving little white ball, leaving the offside in shadow, a back-lighting system of about 20 smaller lights has been installed to correct this. Players and spectators never lose sight of the course of the ball.

A tall, wire-netted, steel-framed screen protects the grandstand from mis-hit balls.

In some ways baseball resembles cricket, and that is why it includes among its players several Test, interstate, and international cricketers.

Baseball is played with a small ball and a round bat, and the field is marked into a diamond. The corner from which batting is done is the home base, and the other three corners are first, second, and third bases. If a player can complete the

HITTING a big one over centre-field is Graeme Hole, of the West Torrens Eagles. Graeme Hole is a well-known Test cricketer. Behind him are catcher Brian Hill, of the Goodwood Indians, and umpire Len Bartle.

course, he scores a run for his side.

Nine men comprise a team, and there are nine innings in a normal game. An innings lasts until three men are out.

In baseball, team spirit is essential, because often a situation arises in which a batter must sacrifice himself by hitting a ball which will put him out at first-base in order to give a man on third-base a chance to get home and score for his side.

Uniforms comprise peaked cap, short-sleeved jacket worn over a long-sleeved white windcheater, three-quarter-length trousers which grip the calf, long woollen stockings, and shoes with two triangular metal plates on each sole, which are examined before each game for over sharpness.

For the summer game some players are adding silk underpants to their outfits.

A feature of the game is the "slide," in which a player in trying to race the ball into base throws his body on to the ground and slides in on his back or side. The muddy soil of winter helps the slide, but the hard, dry summer surface creates friction, which can amount to a scorching.

Sand on the base cushions the contact and the silk underwear reduces friction.

Because men's long silk underpants are unprocureable, giggling sales girls can tell a tale of stalwarts visiting the women's underwear department counters and asking for the longest and widest in women's O.S. woven silk bloomers.



ON THE BENCH. Norths watch their side play against Sturt Tigers. On the extreme left is Norths' captain, Rolly Vaughan.



RELAXING in their dressing-room, the Sturt Tigers discuss tactics for the game with their captain, Ash Gould (sitting on trestle).



IN A HUDDLE before play, the team listens attentively to a pep talk by its non-playing captain-coach, Johnny Ceruto. An American, Ceruto is an ex-G.I. who married an Australian girl.

The children's airlift...

Pupils from schools all over Australia make long flights to spend Christmas holidays with Mum and Dad in their Far Eastern homes.



THREE LITTLE GIRLS from school off to Norfolk Island, 910 miles out in the Pacific Ocean, for their Christmas holidays. Travelling by themselves, they are (left) Patricia Davis (9), of Liverpool Public School, N.S.W., and sisters Noela (8) and Gienda Felsted (9), of Queenwood College, Mosman, Sydney.



AIR HOSTESS Pat Cahill checks passports of (left) Ron Noblis (14), of The King's School, Parramatta, N.S.W., Michael Hickey (14), of Waverley College, Sydney, and Max Makim (13), also of The King's School. They left for Norfolk Island, where Ron's father has a farm. Max will be Ron's guest for Christmas.



PILOT of the flying-boat Pacific Chieftain, Captain Ross Treadgold, who will take these children home to Noumea and Suva, talks with (left) Chris Cortis (11), of Tamworth High School, N.S.W., Rollande Berardi (15), Margaret McKinnon (15), and Roseanne Cronin, of Santa Sabina Convent, Sydney, and Robert D'Viana (14), of Riverview, N.S.W.



WATCHING THE PLANE LAND: David Dexter (10), of St. Gabriel's College, Castle Hill, N.S.W., lives at Kanasia Estate, near Port Moresby, and has a long launch trip before he gets home for Christmas. Heather Johns, 12, of Woodlands College, Adelaide, will spend Christmas with her father in Port Moresby.



B.O.A.C. STEWARD John Martin looks a bit anxious as the three Little brothers fill up on milk shakes before their 6500-mile trip to their home in Karachi, India. They are (left) Anthony (10), Phillip (9), and Geoffrey (13), of Barker College, Hornsby, N.S.W. Photographs by staff photographer John Askew.

Nine-year-old can boast of many plane trips

THE nine-year-old schoolboy in the sun helmet and horn-rimmed glasses boasted, "I've flown all round the world."

"But you haven't landed in every country," contradicted his freckle-faced brother, resembling Frank Buck in a sun helmet and safari jacket.

"I've landed in Singapore, South Africa, Denmark, and Australia," maintained the nine-year-old firmly.

The two brothers, Michael Chiole and 11-year-old Terry, pupils of Nudzee College, Queensland, who flew home to Singapore for their Christmas holidays, are typical of the blasé, air-minded youngsters who regularly travel thousands of miles by plane to and from school each year.

They were among the 600 school-children aged from five to 18 who were flown from Australia to 10 different countries by Qantas this year for their Christmas holidays.

The Chiole brothers and their pal David Shaw were romping round the air terminal, collecting pamphlets, drinking lemonade, and weighing themselves on the baggage scales when I met them late at night.

"We like all the eating on the plane," they told me. "We eat and read all the time. It's fun."

The steward verified this. "We take on special foods for the children, extra fruit, milk, and sweets, but they go through the whole lot."

"They think the barley sugar is a wonderful idea and eat it the whole time," he said.

The Chiole brothers have travelled to Australia several times to school from their home in Singapore, where their father is an engineer-pilot with an airways company.

David Shaw will have travelled 4700 miles by the time he reaches his home in

Kajang, near Singapore. He attends All Souls College, Charters Towers, Queensland, and, although only 11 years old, flew to Townsville and thence to Sydney by himself.

He is an only child and his father is a major in the police force in Malaya.

"I've a wonderful secret present for my Mummy and Daddy," he said. "I polished a piece of wood I found and carved 'Dear Mum and Dad' on it as a surprise for Christmas."

Although 11-year-old Angela R'dern, from Genazzano Convent, Victoria, has flown a lot, she was much more reserved about her flying experiences.

She will have flown more than 4000 miles by the time she reaches her home on Bacod Island, near Manila, where her father has a sugar plantation.

Full of confidence, Angela told me she would read, sleep, and play games during the flight.

At Sydney's Rose Bay flying-boat base at dawn one morning a pretty little French schoolgirl, who has flown across to Noumea and back six times, said she had never travelled by ship.

The children all travel without adults, and if they are very young the air hostess on their plane hands them over to the care of the ground hostess at the airport when they land.

"No child under 12 is allowed to walk across the tarmac alone," the ground hostess told me. "They are carefully looked after all the time. Very few of them ever lose their passports."

The longest trip of any school-children was made by the three Little brothers from Barker College, Sydney.

The brothers, Geoffrey (13), Anthony (10), and Phillip (9), were all very eager to see their father and mother in Karachi, and will have travelled 6500 miles by the time they reach home.

Phillip told me he had a present in his luggage for his mother.

"It's a lovely brooch," he told me proudly. "Not gold and diamonds, but it cost 2/6."



CAPTAIN JOHN TOWER had a handful with (left) David Shaw and Michael and Terry Chiole, who inspected the cockpit of the Constellation before taking off for their home in Singapore.



FLIGHT-STEWARD Dick Hallett says children are no trouble, and 11-year-old traveller Angela Redfern loves having meals on a tray. Angela's home is near Manila.



ROBERT WALKER (15), of The Kings School, Parramatta, and Gil da Silva (17), of Chevalier College, Bowral, N.S.W., are taking home koalas. Robert goes to Manila and Gil to Tokio.



TEN-YEAR-OLD Michael Papineau returning to Singapore and fellow-passengers Anita McKenna (10) and her sister Peggy (6), who will go to Djakarta for Christmas.

"Merry Christmas"

... from the lovely
SARA QUADS

What could be a more festive and happy occasion than the four lovely Sara Quads, Alison, Judith, Phillip and Mark gathered around a Christmas tree covered with lots of Johnson's famous products—the products they've known so well . . . and now so long! Because Johnson & Johnson's products have always been chosen exclusively for their extra special care.



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Tek
JUNIOR

Follow the lead of Australia's famous family and insist on Tek Junior for the care of precious little teeth. The junior member of the great Tek family that's specially designed for kiddies.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON Products of Quality



CHRISTMAS PARTY. Sinclair Hill, of Moree (left), Sue Meyers, Diana Balmain, of Cooma, and Tom Frances (behind) with Sally and Ian Troup, of Young, at the party given for them by their aunt, Mrs. C. L. Graham, of "Bongongo," Coolac, at the Pickwick Club.



NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. John Mathews, R.A.N., of Brisbane, and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Hill, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hill, of Newcastle, leave the Naval Chapel, Garden Island.

Social Gittings

CHRISTMAS parties are crowding the social calendar as country and city folk alike celebrate the festive season.

Many country guests will attend the Christmas dinner-dance at the Royal Sydney Golf Club for 250 guests this Friday, December 19. Hostesses are Mrs. Bill Gordon, who recently returned from England, and Mesdames Norman Allen, David Campbell, Ashleigh and Geoffrey Davy, D'Arcy Hixon, Henry Katcr, Paddy Osborne, Peter White, and Madame Pierre Remond.

A Christmas tree will decorate the ballroom of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. MacPherson's home at Bellevue Hill when their children, Morna and Graham, hold a party this Saturday night, December 20. One hundred guests will attend—many from the young host and hostess' schools, Scots and Kambala. All the guests will wear masks.

BABY-SITTERS will be in demand when the host of young married friends of Jimmy and Wendy Williams attend their party on Christmas Eve. The party is being given by Jimmy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, at their home at Double Bay. Sixty guests will attend. Next day the Williams' will be among the 24 to sit down to Christmas dinner at the Strath Playfairs' home.

ON Christmas morning, Lady Walder will entertain at her home at Point Piper. Her guests will include the Minister for the Navy and for the Air, Mr. McMahon, who is a nephew of the late Sir Sam Walder. Lady Walder's daughter, Mrs. John Human, her husband and their children, Jennifer and Jonathan, will go to Palm Beach on Boxing Day to stay at Sam Walder's beach house.



It will be a quiet Christmas at Government House, with the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and his daughter Elizabeth relaxing after the heavy list of social engagements they have coped with in the past few weeks. These included a quick trip to Armidale, where the Governor presented prizes at the Armidale School speech day, and Miss Northcott gave prizes at N.E.G.S. break-up. They were accompanied by Elizabeth's fiancé, Squadron-Leader Russell Nash. The Governor will stay in Sydney for the Scout Jamboree in January.

LISMORE Golf Associates heaped congratulations on Mrs. J. C. McIntosh when she resigned after being Associates' president for 26 years. Mrs. McIntosh, who has been club champion ten times, is the grand old lady of golf on the North Coast, and she still plays.

COOL DRINKS. Robert Chard and Johanna Bishop were among the 200 guests of the six country boarders from Kambala at the Royal Motor Yacht Squadron. Johanna's frock was of pastel-flowered organdie.

POST-CHRISTMAS cheer will be dispensed by Armand and Jennifer George at their flat at Clifton Gardens on Boxing Day. Jennifer, who also celebrates her 21st birthday on that day, has undertaken the task of cooking for 100 guests. A buffet dinner will be served on the lawns overlooking the harbor. Country guests will include Judy and Dick Hagon, from Canowindra, and Jim and Peter Cudmore, from Quirindi.

DECEMBER 27 is the date fixed for Peggy Haslingden's marriage to Owen Martin at St. Paul's Church, Cooma. Peggy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Haslingden, of "Kelton Plain," Cooma, and Owen is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Martin, of Strathfield. The wedding will be a quiet family affair, and the reception will be at "Kelton Plain."

TWO hundred guests attended the wedding in Armidale of Anne Forster, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Forster, and Dr. Richard Harris, of Armidale, in the dining-room of the Forster home, "Abington," Armidale. Anne wore a frock of hydrangea-blue marquisette and a matching hat trimmed with darker blue velvet ribbon. Her attendants, Mrs. Michael Elderton, who was formerly Dr. Judith Murray-Jones, and Judith Burnett, of Pymble, wore primrose organza.

BRIEFLY . . . Jacqueline Johnstone, second daughter of Mrs. G. Johnstone, of Hurstville, and Tony Rigby, only son of Mrs. A. Rigby, of Cremorne, are engaged.

Anne

ASCHAM DANCE. Carlie Schartl and Graham Bosch enjoy ice-cream at the end-of-term Christmas dance given by 14 fourth-year Ascham girls at Florida House. Carlie wore a buttercup-yellow nylon frock.



SOUTH PACIFIC NIGHT. Simone Pirene (left), Geoff Mustermen, and Jennifer Coghlan were among the 300 guests who grilled chops on the beach at the South Pacific Night at Palm Beach for the Crippled Children's Society. Beverley Coles was committee president.



GUARD OF HONOR. Captain Rene Lemerrier, of Balgowlah, and his bride, formerly Robin Hume, daughter of the late Mr. N. F. R. Hume and of Mrs. Hume, of Edgecliff, at All Saints', Woollahra.



SUPPER-TIME. Carole Carter (left), Michael Vidler, Elizabeth Pitt, Bill Desehurst, of Hermidale, Carolyn Davis, Graham Johnson, of Dundas, Susanne Garland, Matcham Walsh, of Murchison, Western Australia, at the Christmas party at Chinwick Gardens given by the four girls who are all students at Ascham.



CLUTCHING THEIR BALLOONS, Phillip and Mark (right) look rather overawed. This sober mood was only temporary. It was not long before they were kicking the balloons round the room like a pair of ambitious full-backs. Judith ponders quietly over a piece of tinsel from the Christmas tree.



CHRISTMAS REVELRY reached a riotous climax when the Quads found whistles in their bon-bons. Mark stood on the chair to get a good blow at his. Alison blew so hard that her cap fell off. Phillip was far more interested in Judith's whistle than his own.

Sara Quads' first Christmas party

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

THE Sara Quads had their first Christmas party this year.

Although it is their third Christmas, parties would have been wasted on them in previous years.

The party was given specially for them several weeks ago by The Australian Women's Weekly so that readers could see pictures of the Quads' Christmas at Christmas time.

Every mother knows what havoc can be wrought by one two-year-old at a party. Multiply that by four, and the result is chaos.

From the moment the Quads were let loose among streamers, bon-bons, toys, and balloons, things moved very fast—almost too fast for photographer Ron Berg, who had a hectic time taking pictures with excited children underfoot.

Besides the toys given them by The Australian Women's Weekly, the Quads received a gift each from London Baby Carriages Ltd., Melbourne. One of them, a toy car, is on the cover.

After the party I asked Mrs. Percy Sara if she was planning anything special for the Quads on Christmas Day.

"We'll be having a quiet Christmas," Betty said, looking at the debris on the lounge-room floor.

As shown by the pictures on these

pages, the Quads all had very sun-burnt faces for their Christmas "do."

This was the result of their first public appearance. They appeared in the procession at Bellingen's Cot Fund Carnival.

With Percy Sara driving, they stood in the back of a decorated utility truck under the supervision of their mother, Heather Connell (sister of their former nurse, Rita, who is now Mrs. Keith Campbell), and Edrie Bradley, who helps Mrs. Sara with the children.

The Quads enjoyed the experience and needed very little encouragement to wave in royal style at the crowds. After the procession they went on to the showground to watch the sports events.

In the evening, Ron Berg and I did some baby-sitting while Betty went off to the crowning of the Carnival Queen, Sister Daisy McFadyen, of Bellingen Hospital, who was one of the sisters present at the Quads' birth.

The children are fast losing their baby chubbiness. Phillip, particularly, has suddenly "grown up" in the past few months. Judith is still the smallest of the four, but she is just as wiry as the others.

Alison and Mark, who have shown strong personalities since their infancy, continue to act as ringleaders in every childish adventure.



ALISON AND JUDITH gaze at the Christmas tree with all the serious wonder of childhood. Judith, who wears a big ribbon bow in her hair these days, pokes a tentative finger at the Santa Claus mask. Both girls wore pretty party frocks for the occasion.



BIG BROTHER GEOFFREY gives Phillip a ride on his tricycle in the Bellingen Park. Phillip's feet didn't quite reach the pedals, but Geoffrey held him on safely. Geoffrey takes a keen interest in his small brothers and sisters, especially in encouraging them to add new words to their vocabularies.



POSING SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, Judith and Alison take their beloved "babies" for a walk in the strollers given them by *The Australian Women's Weekly*. The dolls are often victims of four-way tug-of-war.



PHILLIP AND MARK have different approaches to the toy lawnmowers given to them by *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Phillip really gets down to work, but Mark, in a fit of exasperation, gives his a kick.



TRAFFIC JAM in the park as the Quads get together with their Christmas gifts. Alison and Judith inspect Mark's present, but Phillip is engrossed with his own. Mark later took the wheels off his lawnmower—nuts, bolts, and all. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

The Queen plans a family Christmas



YOUTHFUL GUESTS. Princess Alexandra and her brother, the Duke of Kent, will be members of the Royal house party at Sandringham for Christmas. The Duke is holding his pet dachshund, Mumpie.

Happy party fills old country home

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

With her usual thoroughness, Queen Elizabeth has planned well in advance every detail of her first Christmas as monarch. It will be a traditional family Christmas at Sandringham, the comfortable, rambling Royal country home in Norfolk, about 100 miles from London.

IN deciding on a family gathering at Sandringham, the Queen is following in the footsteps of her father, the late King George VI.

He once confided to a friend, "Christmas is the one time of the year I really enjoy. I have my family all around me, and I can forget for a little while I am King."

Four generations of the Royal family have assembled at Sandringham to celebrate Christmas together.

The Queen will take the head of the table for Christmas dinner in the large mahogany-panelled dining-room. Every member of the Royal family will be present—even Queen Mary, whose health has improved sufficiently to allow her to travel from Marlborough House, her London home.

A few weeks before Christmas the Queen found she had no public engagements for a short while, and took the opportunity to visit Sandringham to make her plans.

Attie to cellar

WITH the Queen Mother she went over Sandringham from attic to cellar, first tackling the problem of weeding out superfluous furniture to make more space in some rooms and more accommodation everywhere.

"My cousins are growing up," she said to the housekeeper. "I must rearrange the

rooms so that they may have more privacy."

Sandringham is not a large house for such a big family party. Nevertheless the Queen has a separate room and sitting-room both prettily furnished in readiness for Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent.

Princess Alexandra will be 16 on Christmas Day, and is already out of the schoolroom. One of the large old-fashioned bedrooms has had additional furniture of mahogany tables and chests of drawers installed for her brother, the young Duke of Kent.

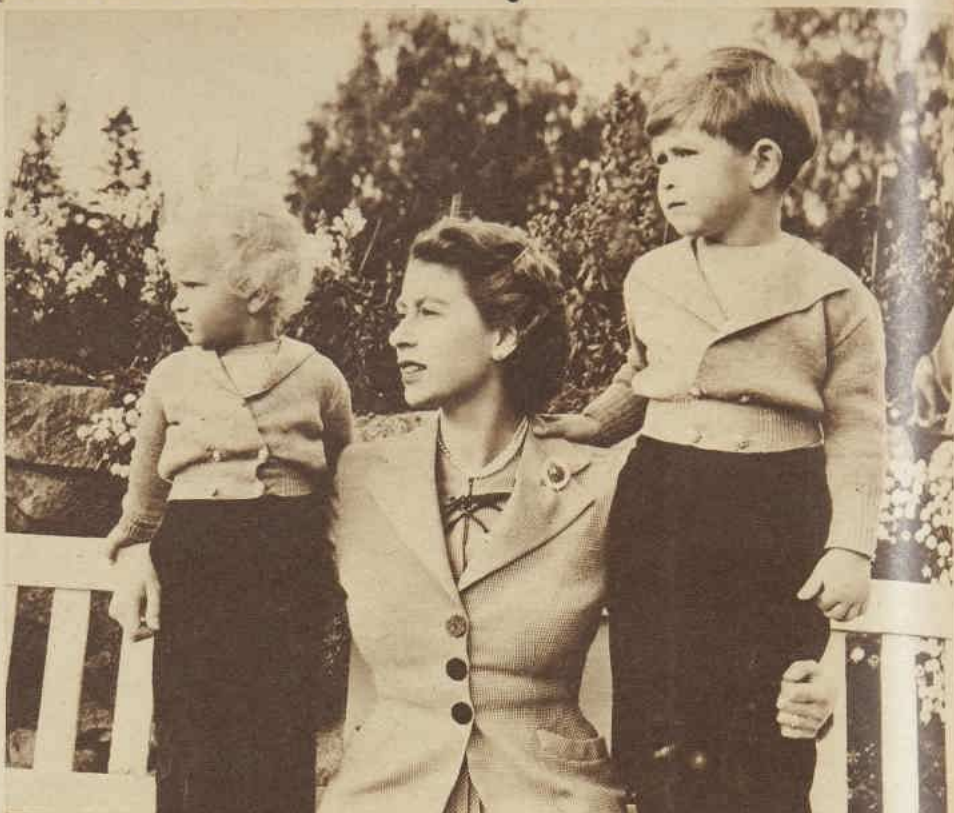
"The Duke of Kent is bringing all his films and photographs of his Far East tour," the Queen told the chambermaid. "He will be coming here straight from his school in Switzerland and this will be the first chance he has had to sort them all out."

As part of the Christmas festivities, the young Duke will show the color film of the tour to the Royal family.

Festivities at Sandringham will begin on Christmas Eve, when the Queen will take some members of the Royal family with her to the village church, one and a half miles away, for a Christmas Eve service and carol singing.

They will return to Sandringham in time for the late carol singing around the house by local residents, who are members of the Dursingham Toc H.

As in the reign of her father, the Queen will observe



MOTHER AND QUEEN: In an interval in a busy day, Queen Elizabeth relaxes in the garden with her children, Princess Anne and Prince Charles, for whom she has planned a happy family Christmas at Sandringham this year. Four generations of the Royal family will go to Sandringham for Christmas week.

the tradition of showering pennies on the carol singers from a window, while in the kitchen the cooks will be heating mince-pies and making hot drinks for them.

Because many members of the Royal family—the Duchess of Kent and her children, Princess Alexandra, the Duke of Kent, and Prince Michael, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their sons, Prince Henry and Prince William—will have arrived only on Christmas Eve, unpacking presents from their luggage and wrapping them in gay Christmas paper and tinsel will keep nearly all of them up until midnight.

Highly organised

PRESENT-GIVING is as highly organised and exciting at Sandringham as in any family circle, and the long corridors and steep staircases will creak with the tip-toeing of Royalty going down late at night to the ballroom in secret to put their presents for

each other on or under a large refectory table that flanks one side of the gold-and-white ballroom.

In the centre of the ballroom is the Christmas tree cut down on the Sandringham estate. It is twinkling with electric fairy lights, and is topped with a shiny tinsel fairy holding a wand illuminated with a brilliant star.

This Christmas tree is laden with gifts for the Queen's tenants, who will file past Her Majesty on Christmas morning to receive not only a gift but a Royal handshake and a Christmas greeting.

The bells will be ringing for morning service in the Queen's own little church of St. Mary Magdalene on the estate as the gamekeepers and foresters in their Sandringham uniforms of green country tweeds, the carpenters, cowherds, dairymen and their wives dressed in their Sunday best leave the gilded ballroom for the church, followed at a distance by all the Royal family.

Only Queen Mary will remain at home, because her doctors' orders forbid her to leave the house.

There is sure to be a crowd of five hundred or more watching this informal Royal procession. It is a tradition for neighboring house parties to drive over to Sandringham for the Christmas service, but few visitors may attend the service because priority is given to the tenants, and there are usually enough of them to fill the church.

After the service the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and some members of the Royal family will stay to take communion.

Turkey dinner

THE Queen has ordered a traditional Christmas dinner of Norfolk roast turkey, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and plum pudding with all the trimmings, which will be served promptly at 1.30 p.m.

Although it is usual for the Royal family to dine in the

evening, they always have Christmas dinner at mid-day.

At 3 p.m. the Queen will broadcast to her peoples all over the world, giving them a message for Christmas and a hope for the New Year.

In the drawing-room the Royal family will gather round the radiogram to listen to her speech—all except the Duke of Edinburgh.

He will be beside the Queen when she gives her first Christmas broadcast from the study that was her father's and from which he spoke to his people for the last time in his Christmas Day broadcast last year.

The Duke of Edinburgh will make a tape recording of the Queen's speech, which he will play back immediately she is off the air. A recording machine is the Duke's latest acquisition and baby.

Many amusing moments are sure to occur at Sandringham this Christmas as he records and plays back scraps of conversation and hilarious incidents at the family gathering.

The Royal family's presents are exchanged at tea-time under the Christmas tree stripped of its heavy load of gifts.

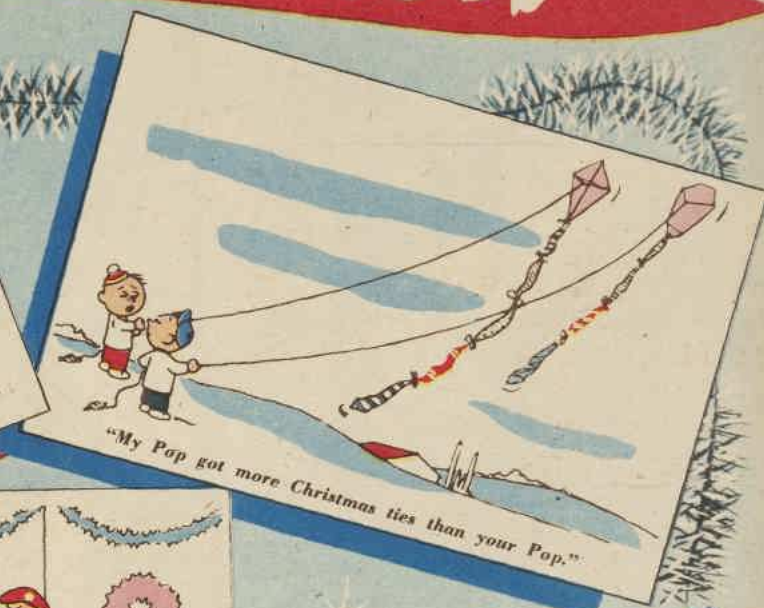
Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who are firm believers in Santa Claus, will have hung their stockings on Christmas Eve and will be up in the first light the next morning to see what they contain.

The Queen Mother's presents this Christmas have been very carefully chosen, and because she now has the time and the opportunity for personal shopping around London she has been visiting the small shops with Princess Margaret.

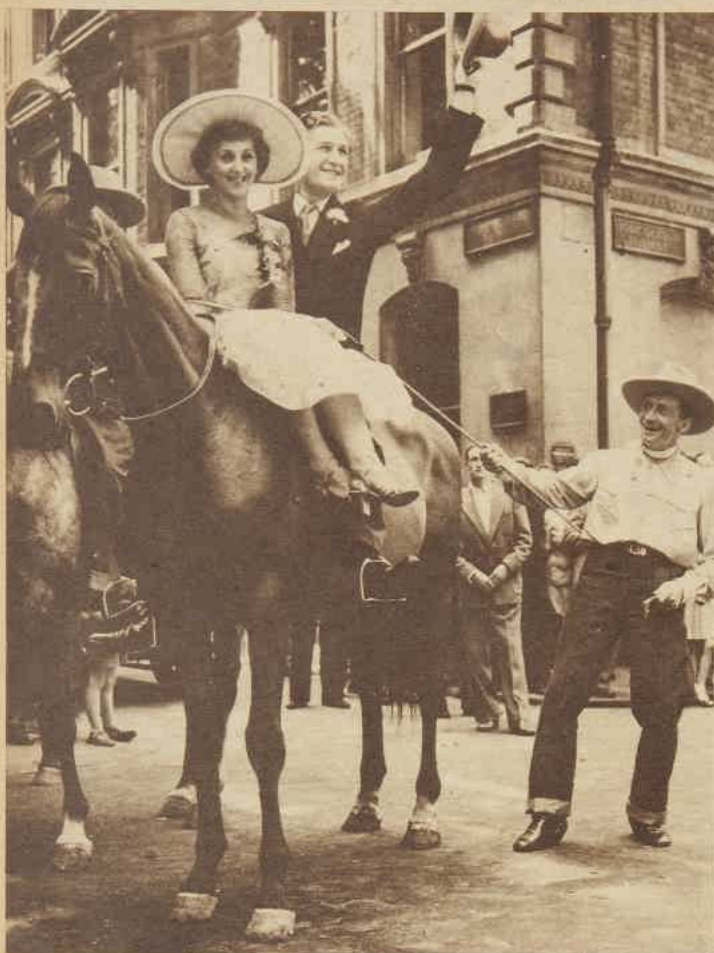


WINTER SCENE at Sandringham, the Queen's country home in Norfolk, where she will be hostess to a large Royal party this Christmas. This aerial photograph shows snow covering the estate.

XMAS Crackers



CAXTON HALL'S BUSY REGISTRAR



WESTERN STYLE. Denis Sinclair, singing star of current London show "Ranch in the Rockies," and his bride, former secretary Joyce Downing, are roped by the lasso of best man Peter Robinson as they ride off on horseback from their Caxton Hall wedding.



LONDON CROWDS gather outside famous Caxton Hall Registry Office whenever an interesting wedding takes place. Here, they press around the car carrying off film stars Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding. The bridal couple had to fight their way through. The harassed Wilding can be seen just below the Homburg-hatted man in the centre.

Nervous bridegrooms are more usual than fainting brides

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Good-looking, friendly James Holiday, registrar at London's famous Caxton Hall, has married more than 15,000 couples in the past 16 years.

They include such well-known pairs as Anthony Eden and Clarissa Churchill, outstanding British actor John Mills and Mary Hayley Bell, Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding, the Sultan of Johore and his wife, and Australia's Joy Nichols and her American husband, Wally Peterson.

HE has had giggling couples, runaway couples, slightly tipsy brides and grooms, young people very obviously under age, and aliens marrying only for British nationality.

In those 16 years he has not had one fainting bride.

"But I've had bridegrooms so overcome with nerves that they couldn't sign the register," he told me.

One day recently James Holiday stepped to the other side of his semi-circular, light oak desk to be married to Miss Blanche Smith.

They could have had a church wedding, but they preferred to be married at Caxton Hall, which is the Registry Office for Westminster, covering all the fashionable squares and streets in the West End of London.

"I was as awed as though I were hearing the words for the first time," he said afterwards.

Mr. Holiday has tried to add to the Caxton Hall marriage service some of the dignity of a religious ceremony.

On busy days couples pass through his offices, which are nicely decorated with pink-beige walls and leaf-green curtains, at the rate of one couple every ten minutes.

"Many of the couples I marry would prefer a church ceremony," he said.

"Because of the previous marriage of one or both parties, they are barred from

remarrying in the church. I have the deepest sympathy for them, and try to make the short ceremony here as impressive and dignified as possible."

While I was talking to him, a young man rang with his problem. Married only a few days before his regiment went abroad, his wife left him while he was away and they were

divorced. He was anxious to remarry in his church, of which he was a staunch member.

He took the matter up with his vicar, went to the bishop of his diocese, even wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But the law of the Church of England could not be broken.

Mr. Holiday suggested he ask his vicar to Caxton Hall.



GLAMOR COUPLE. Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were serenely happy right after their wedding. They were a lot less serene, however, when they finished battling through the crowd to their car. Before the wedding each managed to slip unnoticed into Caxton Hall through a side door. Film stars always draw the biggest crowds.



STATESMAN Anthony Eden and his bride, formerly Clarissa Spencer Churchill, did not mind being photographed outside Caxton Hall, but would allow no photographers in during the ceremony. He wanted that part of the day "for ourselves."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 24, 1952

He weds the famous and the unknown



COUPLES leave Caxton Hall in all sorts of vehicles. Comedian Lupino Lane drove his son, Lauri Lane, and Lauri's bride, Kathleen Astor, a ventriloquist's daughter, to their reception in a coster cart drawn by Nellie, donkey star of "Sweetheart Mine."



DUKE ELLINGTON'S band boys turned out to play the wedding march when drummer Louis Bellson became the fifth husband of negro singer Pearl Bailey. Bellson's father, a wealthy American music publisher, did not approve of his son's marriage.

"After I have married this couple I will slip out of the room, leaving them with their friends and the vicar, who will probably give them his blessing and read a short address," he told me.

For a couple not living in Westminster to be married at Caxton Hall, one of the parties must take up residence in the district 15 days before the wedding date.

"I have known many couples who have had to save hard so that one could stay at a nearby hotel to qualify for Caxton Hall," Mr. Holiday said.

To give a little more graciousness to the simple setting at Caxton Hall, Mr. Holiday

has the choicest flowers in vases.

He has a flower fund to which bridegrooms may contribute. He also encourages the bride or her friends to supply and arrange their own flowers.

"Some festooning is allowed inside, but only if it is in keeping with the dignity of Caxton Hall and the significance of the ceremony," he said.

"Outside, the friends of the bride and groom can have all the fun they like.

"A lot of show people are married here and, as we are in the very heart of London, we get lots of cockneys and costers. They really go to town with their wedding celebrations.

"Lupino Lane's son Lauri and his bride left here after their wedding in a coster cart driven by Lupino himself.

"And we had a real Western-style wedding recently, with a guard of honor of cowboys in stetsons riding on horseback."

James Holiday is usually invited to the wedding receptions, but rarely goes. He was at the wedding receptions of John Mills, and Michael Wilding and Elizabeth Taylor.

In 1942 he married Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. They have been close friends of his since.

"Herbert made all the arrangements for the Wilding-Taylor wedding, even to getting me around to his flat just before midnight to get the bride's signature so they could be married at the time arranged," he said.

Arranging for police to control the crowds is part of Mr. Holiday's work.

"We had a strong police force for Mr. Eden's wedding," he said.

The much-photographed Foreign Minister and his bride had complete privacy once they entered Mr. Holiday's small room.

"I asked Mr. Eden when we were making arrangements for his wedding whether he would allow one photographer in to photograph the ceremony—that photographer to pool with the others who would be waiting outside," Mr. Holiday related.

"His reply was rather touching. He said, 'No, we would like to keep this part of our wedding day for ourselves.'"

Mr. Holiday has to be vigilant because he occasionally has to deal with couples whose marriage plans are rather suspicious. His vigilance has been rewarded by the fact that in 16 years only one caveat was lodged, and that was withdrawn.

For a long time he was particularly careful when a certain type of foreign woman and an Englishman approached him for marriage.

"I soon learned to identify these women, many of whom were of ill-repute," he said.

"Before agreeing to marry a couple I had doubts about, I would ring the Aliens' Office and find out a bit more about the woman. Many of these women wanted the protection of British nationality and would pay some wretched man to marry them in order to get it."

These days Mr. Holiday does not have to be quite so careful, since British nationality is not automatic on marriage but must be applied for.

"From sheer nervousness, many couples get the giggles when they arrive at my office, so I give them a few minutes to calm down," Mr. Holiday said.

"But some people regard marriage as just something that has to be done, and I try to make the ceremony just that much more solemn so they will realise the serious step they are taking.

"I try to make my short address and service as solemn and as satisfying for the highest as well as the humblest in the land."

Mr. Holiday was a widower when he married recently. Early in the New Year he will perform the marriage ceremony for his 24-year-old daughter Patricia.

"But her sister Joyce has other ideas—she wants to be married in church," he said.



AUSTRALIAN Joy Nichols and her husband, American singer Wally Peterson, chose Caxton Hall for their wedding. Peak period for Caxton Hall weddings was at the outbreak of World War II. Saturday is the busiest day.



THE MAN HIMSELF. Former widower James Holiday took time off from marrying other couples to get married himself at Caxton Hall. The bride was Miss Blanche Smith. He will conduct his daughter's wedding ceremony next month.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 24, 1952

Surprise Dad this Xmas...



TRIPLELIFE



SPORTMASTER



PASTEL TONES



"IT IS INDEED A LOVELY SHIRT, SIR"



PLUS

SPORTMASTER

Australia's most popular sports shirt—perfect with or without a tie. In eight glorious colours.

PASTEL TONES

Superb materials, faultless collar styling and a choice of ten handsome clothes matching shades.

TRIPLELIFE

A famous new Pelaco "White" with the sensational long-life collar—outlasts three ordinary fused collars.

PLUS

Another Pelaco style leader without a centre pleat—new wide-spread collar—ocean pearl buttons and five fashionable shades.

Give him the most popular, highest-value shirt in Australia

Pelaco

GUARANTEED

"Complete satisfaction—or replacement"



Magnificent new serial set in Texas



OIL DERRICKS encroaching on Texas cattle lands is the background of our new serial, "Giant."

Edna Ferber's sensational novel "Giant" begins in our next issue

In our next issue we will publish the first long instalment of our magnificent new serial, "Giant," the novel by famous author Edna Ferber which has just been published abroad, and which has caused a sensation both in America and London.

"GIANT" is a powerful story of human conflict, greed, love, and hate set against a vast Texas landscape.

The whole countryside sits up in shocked surprise or delight at the conduct of Leslie, young Virginian bride of Bick Benedict, head of the Benedict family and ruler of the vast domain of Reata cattle ranch.

Though Leslie finds plenty to fascinate her in the ranch, she finds much also that displeases, and so blithely sets herself to alter the hard autocratic way of life and rigid conservatism which have prevailed for generations.

The Texas background presented in "Giant" is immense, fascinating, almost overwhelming, but the story's greatest strength lies in its powerful dramatic impact.

"I am one of a family of rulers, too," said Leslie, when she first met a deposed European king and queen. "I wonder how long it will be before we are deposed."

Edna Ferber draws her characters with unerring strength and skill and with a force which cannot fail to compel and hold the interest.

Before writing "Giant" Miss Ferber spent a good deal of time in various parts of what she calls "that enormous and somewhat incredible commonwealth of Texas."

The book got a hostile reception in Texas.

One popular Houston newspaper columnist contented himself with a one-word review: "Boo!"

"Our big heads"

ANOTHER wrote: "She had no call to stick the knife in, then twist it. She need not cut off our heads to prove they were big."

One critic wrote in an El Paso newspaper: "An entertaining, tense, and powerful story." Then she added inhospitably: "Miss Ferber, we advise you to stay out of Texas."

A San Antonio reviewer conceded: "Even if Miss Ferber's picture isn't a true one of

the typical Texan, it's the one most Texans have built up about themselves as well as the one they've made the world believe. And tearing down dreamhouses doesn't set well with any of us."

Hurt feelings, however, have not kept Texans from buying the book in large quantities.

While Texans may be gunning for Miss Ferber, the novelist has nothing against Texas.

The ranches, mink, oil millionaires, and racial prejudices in her novel are purely incidental.

"Giant," she said, "is not a novel about Texas. It's about the United States. The people just happen to live in Texas. The story is about the effect of men and women on Texas."

"I took my first trip to Texas in 1939, when I went buggy riding to see the sights, and I grew interested in the region and its people."

"What I saw stunned me. But it seemed such a vast job of writing that I rejected it. Instead, I did 'Saratoga Trunk,' 'Great Son,' and plays and stories."

"All this time, though, Texas was in the back of my mind, and five years ago I began to write it in order to get rid of it."

"I went down to study and then came back to digest. Down and back."

"I drove over Texas, flew over it, visited ranches, talked to people."

"They are very hospitable people."

"Then about a year and a half ago I began work in earnest and wrote and re-wrote steadily seven days a week until the book was finished."

Experience has taught Miss Ferber that she should wait at least 25 years for a dispassionate judgment on her controversial books.

When "Cimarron," a novel on the opening up of Oklahoma, was published in 1930, there were protests from that State.

Yet when a statue to the pioneer women was unveiled

in that State later, Miss Ferber was asked to take part.

Texas and Miss Ferber may yet make up.

Miss Ferber has travelled widely in Europe and America.

She attributes her almost intuitive accuracy of the backgrounds of her novels to her deep sympathy with America and its people and to on-the-spot research.

"I am vulgarly patriotic and terribly American," she said once. "So American I wouldn't marry the Prince of Wales. For me America is the only vital, electric, rich, romantic, colorful country in the world."

One fiction Miss Ferber will not subscribe to is the romantic one that a creative writer must wait for "inspiration."

She is as cold and calculating at work as a prize fighter training for a championship bout.

She lives alone with a servant in a comfortable apartment off New York's Central Park.

Her working habits are strictly self-disciplined.

She works all the morning and early afternoon.

After work she walks in the park. She watches her diet carefully.

She wills herself to sleep so that she will be healthy for the next day's tasks.

She writes only on the typewriter. A pencil, she says, is like a shovel in her fingers, and she early taught herself the swift use of a typewriter

HOLIDAY READING

IN addition to the first instalment of the new serial, "Giant," next week's special fiction issue will contain other splendid stories. They are a novelette, "The Invincible Miss Cranston," by noted American author Jerome Weidman; "Family Faust," by Australian writer Dale Collins; "Dangerous Marriage," by Louis Bromfield; "Out of Bounds," by William Chamberlain; "Always Fair Weather," by Dorothy Staley; "The Double-Bladed Lie," by Mary Jane Waldo.



FAMOUS AUTHOR Edna Ferber, whose new book, "Giant," is the latest in a long list of best-sellers which have brought her wealth and world-wide renown.

with forefingers and a thumb.

On the publication of "Giant" in America, a curious editor sent her the following questionnaire:

A. When do you work? B. How do you work. C. Hobby or pastime.

Miss Ferber replied:

A. All the time. B. In a miasma of despair with an occasional ray of hope. C. The (in a manner of speaking) human race.

Unlike most writers, Edna Ferber grows rather indignant at being described as a best-selling novelist.

A few years ago she called it a "hateful, slurring, derogatory phrase."

"Do you call books best sellers—which means out today and gone to-morrow—when those books are being read and re-read down through more than 20 years and are being printed in their tens of thousands right today?" she asked.

Yet there it is, plain as ink. Miss Ferber's new book, "Giant," out only a short while, is already No. 1 best

seller in the bookstalls throughout America.

Since 1911, when she was a 24-year-old newspaper reporter, Edna Ferber has been writing steadily.

So far she has written 11 novels, not to mention hundreds of short stories and more than a dozen plays.

In 1917 Miss Ferber published "Fanny Herself," which is still considered one of the best fictional portraits of the life of a Jew in small-town America.

She won the coveted Pulitzer Prize in 1925 with "So Big," a penetrating study of the influence of a Midwestern farm mother in shaping her son's career.

"So Big" has already been filmed twice in Hollywood and it will be produced a third time next year with Jane Wyman as the star.

Her next novel, which she brands as "pure romance," was "Show Boat."

This book has become one of the most widely known and best loved in the history of American fiction.



BRILLIANT STAFF ARTIST Bonar Dunlop is the illustrator of our new serial, "Giant." He is already well known to The Australian Women's Weekly readers for his successful work in three previous serials, Paul Gillico's "Trial by Terror," Frank Nann's "The Red Centre," and Nevil Shute's "The Far Country." Dunlop, who is a New Zealander, settled in Sydney five years ago.

SOLDIER HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



PRESENT of a racing car came out of Cpl. George Rafferty's kitbag for his four-year-old son, Terry. Cpl. Rafferty spent last Christmas in a Korean dugout. This year he will be home in his North Sydney flat.



ALL over Australia there are soldiers home for Christmas.

Out of the "hootchie" into the home could be the motto of "Goshus" who returned this month.

"Hootchies" are the dugouts and trenches of Korea which the "Goshus" (Australian troops) have been living in and fighting around for the past two years.

"Goshu" is actually the Japanese name for Australia. It means "big country."

At airports and wharves there were excited scenes of welcome for the fighting men. While soldiers kissed wives, children rooted in kitbags, unearthing presents that Dad had brought home from Japan.

At Qantas terminal, Mascot, leaping frogs, quacking ducks, and toy cars skidded across the polished floor. Geisha dolls danced, a cat pounced at the butterfly attached to its nose by a spring.

But the waiting women had their men back—and this was the best Christmas present of all.

PTE. RON WEST, of Victoria Park, W.A., holds his three-months-old nephew, Robert. Ron and his fiancée, Ivy Wholagan (left), planned their marriage soon after Ron's return. With them is Robert's mother, Norma Saul, whose husband is in Korea.

They were men of the First and Third Battalions, Royal Australian Regiment.

Typical soldier returning was Corporal George Rafferty, of the Third Battalion, which he calls "The Battalion." (There is some argument with the First over this.)

Aged 28, he fought in New Guinea in the last war, and spent nearly twelve months in Korea near the 38th Parallel before returning to his wife, Kathleen, and children, Judith and Terry.

He celebrated last Christmas in a "hootchie," which collapsed on him at 3 a.m. on Boxing Day under the weight of snow and mud.

This Christmas he will be in his North Sydney flat, where the Raffertys plan to hold a party for mates down from Korea.

"Yes," said Corporal Rafferty, looking out of his verandah window on to blue Sydney Harbor. "It's going to be a 'mighty' Christmas this year."

"Mighty" is even better than "beaut."

In Korea men have a habit of tacking "San" (Japanese for friend) on to every Christian name, and scattering Korean phrases into the English language. So when "Chips-San" (George) Rafferty entertains, his wife may not be able to understand all the talk, but she won't worry. If they're having a good time, that's all that matters.



PROUD FATHER. Pte. Jack Faddy, of Nth. Manly, N.S.W., sees his six-months-old son, Doo, for the first time. The baby and his mother, Mrs. Josephine Faddy, went to the wharf to meet the *Anshun*, which carried Pte. Faddy and 139 other soldiers from Japan.



REUNION for Cpl. George Elliott, of South Australia, and his fiancée, Mary del Boca, who flew from Melbourne to greet him. Cpl. Elliott came originally from Hammersmith, London. Miss del Boca from Milan, Italy. They plan to marry before Christmas.



RETURN of Pte. Gerard Hogan, of Coorparoo, Qld., was a happy surprise for his family. Above are his sister Pat, his mother, Mrs. L. E. Hogan, Gerard, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hogan. Gerard served with the 3rd Battalion.



HAVEN'T THEY GROWN! Private Ernest Darby looks proudly at his two sons, John (11) and David (9). Mrs. Darby made an early start from her home at East Bankstown, N.S.W., to meet her husband, a member of the 3rd Battalion.

OUR CORONATION TOUR CONTEST

Eight judges now working on huge rush of entries

A staff of eight highly qualified people is now employed in judging our tremendously successful Coronation Contest. Hundreds of entries are being set aside to be given closer and even more meticulous consideration later.

ON this page we publish this week's £10 progress award-winning entries.

Wonderful days

It was Christmas Eve, one of the many we did not like to remember. Snow, wind, hunger, and despair. Our camp looked like on any other day, except there was more sadness in the eyes of mothers, and more disappointment in the eyes of children.

It was a small, humid room. In one bed under the stained, thin blankets lay a sick man. Looking through the window stood a small boy. This was my family. I did not try to guess what the man was think-

ing. I did not dare speak to the boy.

We were hungry and tired. Sometimes it seemed we were on the verge of insanity. Too many things happened here in the past few months. I was losing faith and I was scared.

I thought of Simon next door, who stole his son's bread while the child slept. Of Teresa, who sold her baby daughter to somebody, somewhere, to get some more food for herself. Of Nick, who killed his mate—because of a smoked fish.

I fear the worst will come. I fear that one day hate and mistrust will enter in our little room, and in our tortured hearts.

Next, I heard my boy talking to someone. I did not care to listen. And then there was a strange silence. When I turned my head the little figure, with his hand still on

the doorknob, was standing like in a dream with his eyes fixed upon his father.

A begging-like question hung in the cold air. Nobody spoke. Nobody answered. And then he pulled something out of his pocket and put it on his father's bed. "Here is an orange. Someone is giving them for the sick people."

There was really a golden-skinned orange. A real orange. It was long, long ago.

I was looking from the man to the boy. I felt a dumb pain, perspiration, a mad fear. Silence was unbearable. I almost wished to hear the boy crying. Then I shut my eyes, because I did not want to see the man bite on the orange.

A tired voice broke that awful emptiness.

"Have the orange, son, and merry Christmas."

My eyes were opened again and I was trying to say something nice, but the expression on the boy's face choked the words in my throat. There were tears somewhere behind his dry eyes. There was a battle in his poor little soul.

A battle unknown to those who were never hungry and yet.

"You are sick, Dad, and, besides, I really do not care much."

A heroic little lie. The voice which answered was a mixture of pride and indescribable sadness.

"But look, I forgot to tell you I must not have fruit. Be a good boy."

I wasn't listening any more. There wasn't anything more I could wish. Looking through the window I was trying to find God somewhere behind those cold stars and thank Him.

I knew then we were not lost.

£10 to Mrs. M. DANDA, Railway Rd., St. Mary's, N.S.W.

I WONDER will you agree that it was a wonderful day? There had been others which were more thrilling and exciting. Indeed, there are many golden hours to look back on.

Sadness, too, for I had been a war-widow after a marriage of four months. That was shortly after Pearl Harbor, when black despair faced all of us, and so many women—particularly the mothers—went about their daily tasks with smiles on their faces and lead in their hearts.

Later I married again, and lived where the Army sent us. We even had a few years in Japan with the luxury of servants and a charming home. But, I wanted "roots." To own a home, to plant a tree, and to watch it grow.

Well, we returned to Australia and bought our little

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

house, making sure there was lots of garden for our little girls to play in—and plenty of room for trees.

Life was very happy, until early this year—and then dawned THE DAY.

A lovely Sunday morning I looked through the kitchen window to where the children were playing in the long grass. Yes, the lawn was unkempt and there was an air of neglect and desolation. I remember thinking... "If only I could get the grass down, perhaps I could keep it in order by doing a little each day." Good daily gardeners were almost out of the question.

You see, my husband had been in the Repatriation Hospital for some weeks and I knew it was unlikely that he would live.

Through this haze of despairing thoughts I became aware of care-pulling up along my fence. Like one watching a film, I saw men get out of the cars and unload motor-mowers, electric mowers, hand-mowers, scythes, and what-have-you. In a matter of seconds, motors were warmed, directions given, and the machines moved over the grass leaving a wake of neat orderliness.

Through my tears, I recognised members of the local Returned Soldiers' League. A couple I knew well, some I knew by sight, and some I didn't know at all.

"It looks like a Little Dinkirk," I heard somebody say laughingly.

Another little car arrived, and the wife of one of the toilers came to me and said "Morning-tea is on at my place—I've come for you and the children." I vaguely muttered something about getting tea for the men—but everything was arranged and I was removed from the scene.

Two hours later I returned. Nobody in sight, and all the cars gone. The garden was a picture again, and the very flowers seemed to be smiling.

It was grand news for my husband when I visited him that afternoon. "They're good chaps," he said—and there was relief and gladness in his voice and face. He died a few days

later, happier, I know, because of our "good neighbors."

That was my wonderful day when my heart was touched and I realised how wonderful can be "man's humanity to man."

£10 to Mrs. MARJORY CONOLLY, 100 King Arthur Terrace, Tennyson, Brisbane.

The Queen comes to tea

FIRST of all I would try to make it something different, something the Queen would remember in the years to come.

As you know, it is the wheat-harvesting season for the country people. The men on the job usually have their lunch out in the paddock. The Queen, having been in Australia only a short while, may not have had the opportunity to see the tractors and headers in action.

I could make this possible by taking the Queen and her children out with me and having afternoon tea with the men. For the children's amusement there could be joy rides on the machinery, romping with the dogs, or playing with mechanical toys.

My three guests would be the men on the machines. They are an Australian, an Englishman, and a Dutchman. Each one of them has a quality all his own, and I know I can depend on them to keep the Queen interested.

Bags of wheat can be used as table and chairs. As for the decorations, no vase of flowers—and whatever else you may use—can be as beautiful as acres and acres of wheat all in its gown of gold and framed by the Australian bushland with the songs of the numerous birds and its hills shaded blue in the distance.

The tea itself would include buttered pikelets, iced patty-cakes, fruit cake, sponge roll, chocolate sandwich, and bread and butter, with plenty of milk and fruit.

£10 to ELSIE BALTZARSEN, Greenmount, Darling Downs, Qld.

Imaginary conversation

AS she stepped into her waiting car, Queen Elizabeth II was startled to hear a voice saying: "Don't look now, but you're being followed."

She took her seat and a slight, red-headed woman in an elaborate gown of crimson velvet sat beside her.

"I hardly think I need introduce myself, Cousin?" remarked the red-headed one.

"Well, no," was the reply, "but how did you get here?"

"Simple. Walked out of my frame and followed as you passed me on the stairs. I hear a lot on those stairs... YOU'D be surprised. When I heard that you were going to the theatre to-night I decided to come, too. I do enjoy a good play."

"To-night's performance is not a play. It's a film premiere."

"La, Cousin, you talk in riddles. To the theatre and yet for no play? What is a film? I only know a film as transparent or semi-transparent covering for something... and, incidentally, Cousin, that new maid-servant who dusts my picture is apt to leave a film which I find most irritating: I couldn't watch the children properly all day yesterday because there was a speck of dust in my eye."

"Well, I'm sorry about that. I'll speak to her."

"Ha, indeed, I'd have her beheaded. But enough of that. What is this film?"

"It's a new talkie. You know, a moving picture?"

"It sounds silly. I'll see for myself. But don't you have proper plays, with actors like my Master Burbage and Will Shakespeare? I did enjoy his plays. There was 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and..."

"Yes, I know. They often have his plays, even now. And Sir Laurence Olivier has made some of them into films. But we aren't seeing one to-night. To-night is a play with Bob Hope. He's an American."

"Oh, red?"

"Of course not. Bob's not a Communist."

"I have never heard of those, but all Americans are red."

"You mean Red Indians? No, Bob isn't one of those. Lots of white people live in America now, and he's white."

"Is he handsome?"

"No-o-o. But he's funny."

"I like men handsome."

There were some handsome ones in my court. And they dressed better. Your men are very ordinary."

"My Philip isn't."

"No, some are all right. Your Philip looks all right when he takes the trouble to dress up. I like a man to have a good leg. He looks well enough in his breeches and buckled shoes. Your great-grandfather, too, Edward VII, he was a man after my own heart, but not his father. He was too prim. Oh, yes, I see a lot from my picture frame there on the stairs, or I do when it's dusted properly."

"All right, I'll run my finger over your eyes each morning as I pass you in future."

£10 to Mrs. L. M. LOU SADA, Buchan, Vic.

How to enter

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work. Entries bearing non-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life. There is one specially wonderful day in everybody's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why. Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.

Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens and let each speak for herself.

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

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The contest closes on January 16, 1953.

CORONATION CONTEST

December 24, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mrs. M. M. M.

ADDRESS

State

Road to Gloria

By TED JANES

THE bedside radio was playing "Silent Night" and Granpa hummed along with it in a quavery baritone. After seventy-some battering years the "Miracle of Bethlehem" remained fresh in his soldier's heart, forever green.

As the music ended, the announcer's voice broke in, suavely insistent.

"For gifts of distinction—shop at Garber's! Discerning persons will appreciate the thoughtfulness of a gift from Garber's. Be sure to visit the big, new Holiday Shop on the fourth floor—and remember, only seven shopping days left . . ."

Granpa flicked the switch, his mood now changed to one of irritation. The annual Christmas was in full cry. Already his granddaughter, Babs, had compiled intricate lists of dolls, books, dresses, dolls' furniture, and a real-cow-that-gives-milk to swell her playroom, even now bursting at the seams.

While other children pressed thin faces against shop windows, staring yearningly at toys which Santa always took to someone else.

Already, his daughter, Louise, had soliloquised, in Ned's presence, concerning the false economy of attempting to make her summer frocks last another season.

While other women, tired and grim-faced, turned in bitterness and despair from lavish holiday counters.

Impulsively, he stood up and opened the second drawer of his lowboy. From beneath a layer of shirts he drew a pasteboard box labelled, in Louise's precise writing, Father's Insignia. This loosely covered a set of faded epaulettes, belt buckles, and crested buttons of the 19th Horse Regiment.

It was the last place prying eyes would search for contraband. That made the box a splendid repository for the cigars—not the rationed ones but his extra supply. He thrust one through the ambush of his vast white moustache and lighted it, savoring the aroma of pure Havana leaf.

He raised it in a gesture of salute to the large picture of his old Colonel on the wall. It was autographed with a bold hand and dated 1906.

"The world has changed since our day, Colonel," he said, wistfully.

Louise tapped lightly on his door. "Father, are you awake?"

He sighed gloomily. "Yes."

She came in, a tall, stately woman, handsome at forty in a grim, executive

sort of way. On the threshold she paused, eyeing him with suspicion.

"Father," she said, accusingly, "I thought you smoked your second cigar right after lunch."

"I brought it up here," he lied, blandly. Experience had taught him that this was the simplest way to handle Louise. She wasn't really hard. It was only that after presiding over the Women's Union, the Church Helpers, and the Garden Club she still had abundant energy left to preside over her household.

That was the trouble with being a hard-bitten soldier—you were all too apt to father offspring just like you. If they were males they became soldiers, too, and went to whatever war was handy; if female they became Louise.

She stood uncertainly. "Well," she said, "you remember what Dr. Curtiss said—three cigars a day."

"Blow Dr. Curtiss!" he said gruffly.

"Father! You might be a little more grateful when I'm trying my best to keep you well."

He remained silent. It was useless to labor the point anew that it was this over-zealous solicitude, this swaddling that lay at the root of their ceaseless guerrilla warfare.

When the time came for the Last Post he was ready to go like an old-time cavalryman. Meanwhile, he asked only to be left alone to enjoy a well-earned peace.

Louise remembered the purpose of her visit. "Father," she said, "about Christmas. Have you thought about your shopping?"

"I have been thinking, Louise," he said, "and it seems to me that we all have too much. What does Ned care about another tie or you about another pair of stockings? This year I'd like to use what money I have to spend on people who really need stockings and shoes."

"That's very generous of you, father," Louise declared indulgently. "But I'm sure you're wrong about Ned. He's very fond of the tie you gave him last year; he wore it only last week to the directors' meeting."

"Directors' meeting!" Granpa snorted. "That's just the point, Louise. I want to do something for the people who don't go to directors' meetings, who never heard of directors' meetings. Unfortunate people who will be pleased with a pair of warm gloves,

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"Last year," said Gloria gravely, "you went right past our place."

kids who'd be tickled with one toy . . .

"Really, father," Louise said in injured tones. "I'm sure you don't have to give us presents if you don't want to."

"It isn't that!" Grampa barked. "You persist in misinterpreting my remarks. What I mean is we've lost sight to-day of the real meaning behind Christmas. It can't be a very happy Christmas for the poor souls who . . ."

"If you want to give to charity, why not send five pounds to the church?"

Grampa shook his head. "That's too impersonal. I want to do something myself."

Louise looked exasperated. "Just what?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "But I'll think of something—perhaps when I go to town."

She sat on the edge of the bed. "Father, please be sensible. The shops will be jammed. Now you just make a list and let me take care of your purchases."

He sat upright then, blue eyes flashing beneath his scraggly white brows. "Are you telling me, Louise," he demanded incredulously, "that I can't go to town?"

"Father," she said, a little shrilly, "I'm not going to argue with you. You're not to go to town during the Christmas rush."

As the door closed behind her, Grampa stood up and launched a violent kick at the lowboy. It hurt his foot but appeased his outraged sensibilities. It served notice that his spirit remained free and untrammelled.

A man who could take the hard life of camps and barracks and trench mud would never accept namby-pamby orders of this kind. As he paced about his bedroom, the idea exploded in his consciousness with startling clarity.

He glanced at himself in the mirror, head-on and in profile. His was no longer a figure suitable for headlong galloping astride a snorting charger, but he nevertheless viewed it with quiet satisfaction.

"All I need is a uniform," he muttered, happily.

He put on his coat and hat, gave a salute to the Colonel, and strode from the room.

Town was crowded, as Louise had predicted. Shoppers swarmed the footpaths and spilled over into the streets.

He drifted along with the sluggish current, watching workmen string colored lights along the streets, listening to a Salvation Army band blaring "Away in a Manger," gazing happily into the windows.

He veered into the side-stream flowing through Garber's chrome and glass doors, moving briskly to the elevators at the far end of the shop.

At the fifth floor he marched to the door marked Personnel. He found the girl at the desk involved with the switchboard.

"Personnel," she said. "No, he isn't . . . One moment, please . . . his line is busy . . ." She cocked an eye upward. "May I help you?"

"Santa Claus," Grampa said in his forthright, military manner, "reporting for duty."

His announcement did not meet with quite the reception he had hoped.

"Take a chair, please," the girl said. "Mr. Foster will see you in a few minutes."

Ten minutes later Grampa was allowed to enter an inner office, and there at a shiny desk was the face of the man who could either expedite or

ruin a first-class piece of strategy.

But it was not going too badly, not too badly at all. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Foster was saying, "we do need a spare man to help old McTavish, who's been with us for years."

He drummed on the desk with a pencil for a moment. "But it's an important position, you know, Mr. Taylor. Have you had any experience in this line?"

Grampa had to say no. "But," he admitted, "I have . . . er . . . observed the role. I have a little granddaughter at home," he added hopefully.

Mr. Foster proceeded to study Grampa's clear blue eyes, letting his gaze wander over Grampa's carefully pressed grey suit and gleaming shoes. "You are different from most applicants we interview. You don't seem like . . . that is . . ."

"Appearances are deceptive," Grampa said, piously. "I need the position badly."

"We don't pay much, you know—especially for this part-time employment."

Grampa hadn't even thought of remuneration. "Anything at all will be quite satisfactory," he said.

Mr. Foster concentrated upon the ceiling. "All right," he said at last. "Be here tomorrow on the dot."

It took a nice command of intrigue to arrange for absences from the house, but that only gave an added glamor to the enterprise. And Louise's active civic and social career aided immeasurably.

He found the work rich beyond his expectations. To hold a succession of youngsters, friendly, shy, rich, poor, black, and white, but all with wide, shining eyes, on his lap, personifying to them the ageless spirit of Christmas, brought him the fulfilment he had sought.

By the second day he had come to believe that he really was Santa Claus; next year he'd take over the full job from old McTavish.

And so he chuckled and mugged shamelessly, calling out to his reindeer and stuffing letters from wide-eyed urchins into his big mail bag.

"Ho, ho, ho! What's your name, little boy? Come up here and tell Santa what you'd like for Christmas."

Still, he had to admit there was something lacking. Grampa wondered uneasily if the idea was to fail of fruition. Surely somewhere, among all these hordes of children, one was waiting.

Then at last, peering at the ring of eager faces, he saw her—about six, he thought, though her pinched, olive face wore the cares and anxieties of an older girl. A frail little gossamer thing, all alone, looking scared but defiant in her clean, mended dress with thin wrists extending from threadbare coat-sleeves.

There was no eagerness in her brown eyes; they held instead an indomitable, uncompromising expression. Grampa sensed a kindred spirit.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, holding out his arms. "Come up here, little girl. Santa wants to see you."

She came to him solemnly and perched upon his knee. "Well," he chuckled. "And what is your name?"

"Gloria Romani," she said, gravely.

"Gloria! That's a lovely name. Where do you live, Gloria?"

"Forty-nine Curtis Street."

"Of course. I remember the place. Yes, indeed."

"You didn't last year," she said. "You went right past."

Grampa swallowed. "I did!" he said lamely. "Well, that sometimes happens. I'll have to make up for it this year. What would you like me to bring you, Gloria?"

"I don't need anything myself," she said, "but I was hoping maybe you could spare something for my brothers—a ball or something. They felt sad last year. Mum felt sad, too."

"What does your Daddy do?" he asked.

"He isn't with us any more," she said. "He went away."

"I'm sorry, Gloria. How old are your brothers?"

"Rafael's three and Tony's going on five."

"Well, you tell those brothers I shan't forget them this year," he said emphatically.

Her brown eyes lighted her whole face. "I'll tell them," she said raptly. "Thank you, Santa Claus!"

That night when Grampa came home, he smuggled into the house a doll and two toy engines, hiding them in the far end of his cupboard.

He shopped next day and brought home three warm sweaters, a pink muslin dress, and two suits. It was a dangerous game he was playing, but he had never been one to shrink from a war of nerves.

IF Louise discovered his board he would tell her it was some gifts he had had sent out from Garber's for Babs, and they had made a mistake about the boys' stuff.

It would be awkward, though, explaining the ham and canned goods or the woman's gloves and sweater.

The throngs increased in Toyland, jostling through the aisles of electric trains, games, and dolls before pausing in front of Santa's Workshop.

And always the children, hordes of them, pressing eagerly at the railing, swarming over him, shining eyes uplifted to his beaming face.

Mr. Foster was delighted. "It's remarkable, you know," he said. "You seem to have a flair for the role. I hope you can come back next year."

"I'd like to," Grampa said, with pride. It seemed a propitious moment to bring up another matter. "I've been wondering, Mr. Foster. Do you suppose I could borrow this costume over Christmas? I'd like to play Santa for my little granddaughter."

"Why not?" Mr. Foster agreed. "Anything for Santa at Christmas time, you know."

Grampa knew Louise would be pleased. "This will probably be the last Christmas Babs will believe in Santa," she had remarked recently.

"I think she suspects even now. We must make the most of this year. Somehow, Christmas is never the same when a child outgrows Santa Claus."

It was true and he would be glad to help the illusion along. Louise needn't know where the costume came from.

The Garber crowds increased, and so did the hidden store in Grampa's cupboard until now it spilled perilously close to the door itself. It represented his entire salary and a third of last month's pension cheque as well. The idea was working out splendidly—too well, in fact.

It was two days to Christmas. Grampa looked out upon the sea of faces and nearly dropped the little boy on his lap.

Five feet away, eyeing him coolly, stood Babs, and his eyes travelled slowly past her slender, blonde figure to Louise, smiling fixedly beside her. He gulped and set the boy down abruptly.

A Taylor never fled the field of battle, but Grampa knew a terrible moment of panic when he longed for the comparative safety of enemy shell-fire. Then he realised—of course, they didn't recognise him; this beard and wig saved him.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he cried gruffly. "Nearly time to hitch up my reindeer."

"Go say hello to Santa," Louise said.

"I don't want to," Babs said, holding to her mother's hand.

Louise pushed her, protesting, toward the dais. "Santa likes little girls," she said.

She came then and suffered herself to be hoisted to his knee.

"Well, well. Have you been a good girl?"

"Yes," Babs said.

"That's fine. And what would you like for Christmas?"

"You know," she said. "I wrote you."

"Did you? I get so many letters. Let's see—are you the little girl who wanted a doll carriage?"

"Yes—a better one than you brought last year. And a train and a dolly and a sewing machine and a real cow that gives milk."

"My gracious!" Grampa said. "That's a big order. Still, I'll add gravely, 'if you're a very good girl I think perhaps I can manage the cow.'"

He saw Louise stiffen and he chuckled evilly behind his make-up.

"Are you really Santa Claus?" Babs demanded.

"Am I . . . why, who did you think I was?" he asked uneasily.

"I don't know. I don't see how one person can go to every house in the world . . ."

Impulsively, she reached up and gave a tug at his beard. Fortunately, it was firmly anchored, but the suddenness of her assault startled him.

"Babs!" he said, sharply. "Stop it!"

"Mummy!" she shrieked, bouncing up and down on his knee. "It's really Santa Claus and he knows me. He called me Babs!"

Louise stared; she gave a little gasp. She was too strong-willed to faint, but, almost, Grampa wished she had.

A woman who swooned and had to be lugged off to bed with the smelling salts was greatly to be preferred to the Junoesque creature who regarded him stonily over the dinner table that night, withholding the lightning until Babs' presence should be removed.

Even Ned's covert glances of secret admiration failed to rally Grampa's scattered

spirits. He ate, eyes upon his plate, awaiting the attack.

Louise packed Babs off to bed at seven-thirty; at seven forty-five in the living-room the battle was joined. There was no feint, no flanking movement; Louise charged head-on, befitting a cavalry officer's daughter.

"This is the final straw, father," she declared, cold steel flashing. "I do my best to take care of you and this is your gratitude."

"Now, Louise," he began, only to be swept backward before the fury of her attack.

"I find you portraying the role of Santa Claus in a shop like some broken-down old derelict. I was never so humiliated in my life."

He tried to interrupt.

"What will people say?" Louise demanded. "They'll say," she replied, "that I didn't give you a good home here—with your every wish gratified. They'll say—I her iron control wavered—that I have failed as a daughter."

Ned sat on the sidelines, a non-belligerent pro-Grampa, but prudently withholding support.

"Now look here, Louise," Grampa blustered.

"Perhaps I have," Louise said. "Failed, I mean. But I have always done my duty to the best of my ability and I shall continue to do so. Since I can't trust you, father, I shall have to take steps. You are not to leave this house tomorrow or over the holiday . . . unless Ned or I go with you."

"But, Louise, I have to!" he cried. "There's a little girl . . ."

"You heard me, father. You are not to set foot outside and I shall leave orders to that effect with the servants."

"You can't do this to me," he shouted. "This is a free country. You can't keep a man a prisoner . . ."

"Under the circumstances, I believe I can," Louise replied. "We'll see about that," he growled, but without conviction, and stalked off to his room.

The next day, and the next, he was a thoroughly unhappy man. Lily, the housemaid, had obviously had her orders. Any time he sauntered to the front door, even to pick up the evening paper, he felt her breath on the back of his neck.

But the secret of his cupboard was still intact. After teatime on Christmas Eve he went upstairs, ostensibly to smoke his rationed cigar, but actually to make a military appreciation of the situation.

He snapped on the radio and sat in his big chair beside the window, staring miserably out into the night.

Below him spread the myriad twinkling lights of the city and overhead shone the evening star, as brightly gleaming as that other star which hung above the Bethlehem manger long ago; to his ears drifted the triumphant music of the carols.

The spirit of Christmas filled the world and he sat here, a prisoner, with the minutes ticking past—a beaten old soldier who had failed.

For the first time in seventy-five years Grampa felt aged and tired. Here was his room jammed with toys and food and clothing, there was Gloria going up to bed in the simple faith of childhood.

"You tell those brothers I shan't forget them this year," he had promised, and he saw again the fine light in his brown eyes.

He glanced entreatingly at the Colonel, beaming encouragement from the wall. Old Gin-and-Bitter would not have failed; he would have found a way. Suddenly, Grampa stood up and saluted.

"Colonel," he said, "I am about to embark upon the strenuous life again."

The face in the picture wreathed itself in a vast grin of delight. "Good luck, Taylor," it seemed to say.

Grampa's hands fumbled a little as he dressed himself in his Santa Claus costume and heaped the contents of his cupboard into his great pack. He swung it to his shoulder and stealthily opened the window.

Advance would be difficult but not impossible, he decided after a brief reconnaissance. His window opened on to the flat roof over the sunroom, from there a short passage along a narrow ledge led to the porch roof, where wrought-iron supports with their ladder-like lattice should make a practical route to the ground.

The journey along the ledge proved the most formidable part of the entire undertaking, but his confidence mounted as he went along.

But he had been over-optimistic. His foot slipped and Grampa pivoted over the cornice, landing with a thud on the porch roof, shaken but unharmed.

He scrambled to his feet, aware that the campaign had developed into a race. He heard the front door open; hurrying footsteps cut off his escape and a sudden beam of light caught him there on the porch like the star spotlighted in centre stage. Louise's voice rose from the lawn.

"Father!" she shrieked. "Come down here this instant! No don't! . . . Stay where you are! Ned, bring a ladder!"

In every battle there comes such a moment, a tense instant when victory and defeat hang trembling in equilibrium. It is then that illustrious warriors win their crowns.

He thought of the little girl in the room across the city, depending upon him to come through. And bugles rang in Grampa's brain, sounding the charge.

"Whoa!" he trumpeted in battlefield tones. "Whoa, Donner! Whoa, Blitzen and Comet! Whoa, Rudolf!"

The sound thundered across the rooftops, reverberating through the trees. Dogs barked, people hurrying by stopped, and a small face peered from a window.

"Mummy!" Babs' voice screamed in delight. "Mummy! He's here! Santa Claus has come!"

Grampa looked up and waved his hand. "Of course I've come, little Babs. Merry Christmas!" And he leered defiantly down at the enemy, standing speechless below.

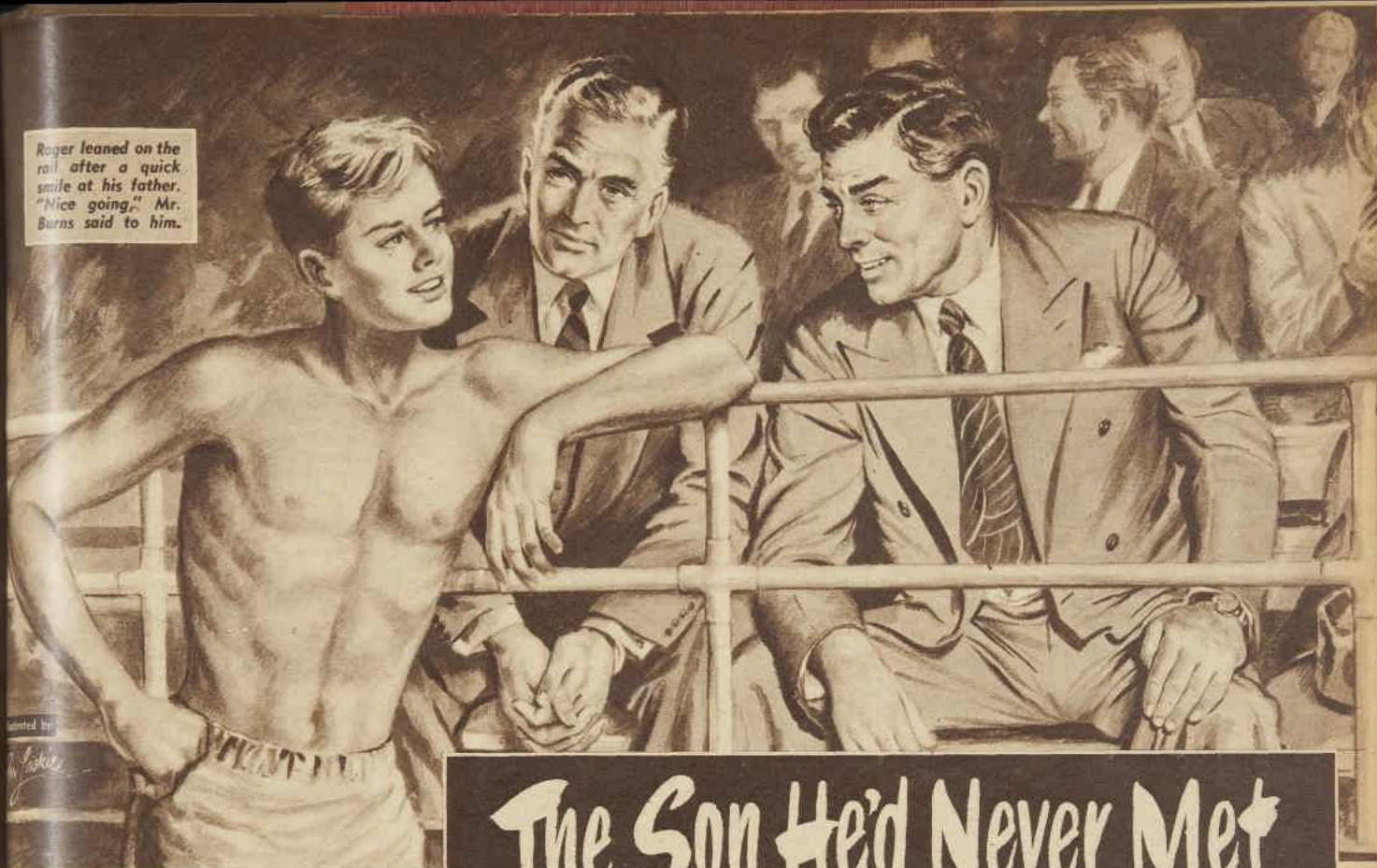
Grampa lighted a cigar—his seventh for the day. Confidently he shouldered his pack, triumphantly he descended the ladder which Ned had placed against the porch.

Proud banners flying, he marched down the gravelled drive to the street and hailed a cruising taxi.

"Forty-nine Curtis Street, my boy," he said, "and don't spare the reindeer."

(Copyright)

Roger leaned on the rail after a quick smile at his father. "Nice going," Mr. Burns said to him.



The Son He'd Never Met

By EDWARD SHENTON

"MOTHER," Roger Merritt said, as he came into the dining-room, "I forgot to tell you. I've got to have a steak to-day."

Mr. Merritt looked up from his paper in astonishment. "Steak? For breakfast?"

"Or hamburger," Roger added. "Why on earth?"

"Coach's orders," Roger said. "We're wrestling Milford for the Academy championship this morning. It's my big chance."

"I don't think we have any steak, dear," Mrs. Merritt said, "but there's some hamburger in the refrigerator." "Cook me about three, please, mother."

Mr. Merritt examined his son in vague perplexity. Roger was a slim boy with a delicate thin face and blond hair, fine as silk, that lay close to his long skull. His eyes were dark, large, and held the soft look of a young deer. Certainly he had none of the accepted outward characteristics of a wrestler.

"Why don't you come and see the match, dad?" Roger asked. "To-day's Saturday. You don't have to go to the office."

"I can't, I'm sorry," Mr. Merritt said. "I've got a seven-hundred-page manuscript of a historical novel to read and—"

Something in the boy's face stopped him. He folded his serviette carefully and said, "Why, yes, Roger. I will."

"Good," Roger said, smiling. "As soon as I mangle these hamburgers, we'll shove off."

He followed his father out to the garage. The early morning air was sweet with the nearness of spring. "I suppose," Roger said tentatively, "you wouldn't want me to drive?" "Thank you," Mr. Merritt said. "I think I'd better."

Roger sighed, got into the car and tramped into silence, his bemused gaze fixed upon his long fingers.

Mr. Merritt drove with sedate skill

and wished there were something he could say to his son about wrestling. But this part of the boy's life had baffled him. Mr. Merritt's sports had been squash and tennis. He'd never been very good at either, but his participation had given him, in later years, something to talk about when the conversation turned to sport.

In a kind of forlorn way he had hoped, when Roger entered prep school, that he would want to engage in these activities. So the telephone call, several months before, had come as a shock from which Mr. Merritt had never quite recovered.

"Dad?" Roger had said, his voice light and disembodied, as though he were speaking in one room and thinking in another. "Is it all right if I go in for wrestling?"

"Wrestling?"

"Yes. I've been trying it out. Coach says I might make the team."

"But, Roger—I thought—What about squash?"

"I don't care about it, dad."

"Running?"

"That's not till spring. I've got to take a sport."

"Well—All right, Roger. But I don't want you getting hurt."

"Thanks a lot, dad." See you later."

Mr. Merritt had turned to his wife, saying ruefully, "Father of a wrestler. Imagine."

Mrs. Merritt had smiled. "Don't take it so hard, dear. It's probably just another phase."

Now the grey, ivy-covered buildings of the school came into view.

He turned into the school drive and stopped the car at the entrance to the gymnasium. Roger got out.

"Park at the back of the junior school," he said. "See you later."

Mr. Merritt was glad of the respite. He parked the car and lit a cigarette, the uneasy conviction that his coming was a mistake lying chill and depressing within him.

He'd never seen a wrestling match, but in the back of his mind were

the memories of newsreels where disgusting behemoths slugged, strained, kicked, gouged, and rolled in agonised fury.

The idea of personal contact in sports had always been repugnant to him; now the prospect of watching his son locked in combat with another boy filled him with increasing dismay.

He felt distraught and, for a moment, wished he were comfortably at home, reading a manuscript.

But it was getting late, and since he was here he might as well go into the gymnasium, where the match was to be held.

One side of the huge building was lined with the tiered seats of the spectators' stand. They were already well filled, but a large man sitting in the front row moved to make room.

"Come in, pal," he said in a jovial tone.

Mr. Merritt thanked him, took off his overcoat and tried to occupy as little space as possible.

On the gymnasium floor, a number of boys were arranging two huge black wrestling mats. In the centre of each was painted a white circular line some six feet in diameter. Another white line went around the mat near its outer edge.

Other boys were setting up a scoreboard. It was all very mysterious and interesting, and Mr. Merritt wished he had found out something about prep-school wrestling.

Presently Roger's team trotted in and sat on a line of benches on the far side of the gym. They were clad in maroon-colored tights under heavy white robes.

The opposing team entered and took seats near to Mr. Merritt. He looked at them with curiosity. They were of all sizes, from little boys to great hulking young men.

One of them caught Mr. Merritt's attention. He stood apart

from the others, his arms folded across a deep, muscular chest. His dark hair was clipped close to a round head; his neck was so thick that it seemed to vanish into his heavy shoulders.

Small, cold blue eyes gazed without expression out of a square, hard, impassive face. Without knowing exactly why, Mr. Merritt was filled with an instinctive dread. What if Roger were pitted against such an atavistic and rugged opponent?

Officials were coming out on to the mats and a loud-speaker announced that the bouts would soon begin. Mr. Merritt became aware of the man beside him speaking.

"Name's Burns," he said.

"Have you got a kid wrestling to-day?" he added.

Ordinarily Mr. Merritt avoided conversations with strangers, but this seemed different, somehow, and besides he was feeling lost and uneasy.

"Roger Merritt is my son," he said.

"Well, I'll be blowed," Mr. Burns said, staring at Mr. Merritt with frank curiosity. "So you're Rog's father."

"Do you know him?" Mr. Merritt asked, astonished.

"Who, Rog? Of course. My boy, Tommy, is captain of the team. I've watched Rog wrestle all year."

It was Mr. Merritt's turn to stare in surprise.

"You mean, you go to all the matches?"

"Couldn't keep me away. When they have matches at other schools I drive a load of them. They call me the mascot."

He grinned and looked down at his ample waistline. "Some mascot!"

Mr. Merritt said slowly, "I understand most of the matches are on weekdays. How do you get away from your business?"

"I just tell the boss I'm going. I'd give up my job before I'd miss a bout."

Mr. Merritt turned this statement over in his mind. It sounded slightly fantastic, but evidently it was the truth.

"I've never seen a wrestling match," he confessed suddenly.

"Never seen your son wrestle?" Mr. Burns' voice was high with disbelief. "What's your business?"

"Publishing," said Mr. Merritt. "I know some boys in publishing." Mr. Burns said: "They don't seem so pinned down. Three hours for lunch, and so forth. I'm in wholesale groceries."

"A very good business," Mr. Merritt said politely.

"What I say is, you only live once. And if my boy's wrestling I'm going to be there. That's him over there now, talking to Rog."

Mr. Merritt looked across the gym, where a tall, homely boy with powerful sloping shoulders and thick legs stood beside Roger.

"Notice the piano legs?" said Mr. Burns proudly. "Great for a wrestler. Rog has good legs and Tommy is teaching him how to use them."

Mr. Merritt examined his son's legs. They were long and graceful, with beautifully muscled thighs and calves.

Strange, he thought, never to have been aware of them before. In fact, seeing Roger in the close-fitting tights made him seem entirely different, and Mr. Merritt was startled. Roger looked like Picasso's drawings of acrobats. He had an air of gaiety and confidence.

A vague idea swept across Mr. Merritt's mind: why, he was part of all the young things in the world, animal and human; a colt running in the pasture, a fawn frisking in the sun, a young bull pawing the rich earth.

He must tell Martha about this

when he got home, Mr. Merritt decided in wonder.

"Nothing like wrestling," Mr. Burns was saying. "A great sport. Teaches a boy to handle himself, keep his temper, gives him assurance."

"I had hoped," Mr. Merritt said, "Roger would use sports merely as—a means of well-being. Not let them become more important than his studies."

"Oh, a brain," Mr. Burns said cheerfully. "Well, brains are all right, but a lot of us get along pretty well without them. I'll be satisfied if Tommy gets through his final exam."

It was a slightly appalling idea, and Mr. Merritt shuddered inwardly. Suppose Roger grew up and went into the wholesale-grocery business?

Nothing wrong with it, of course, but he'd always thought with secret pleasure of his son, some day, being an editor, or at least having some part in publishing. Things of the mind could be so enduring, satisfying; give meaning to living.

The loud-speaker announced the opening bouts. Little boys with childish faces came on to the mats, glowering and swaggering. They tumbled about like enraged cats, and to Mr. Merritt it was all very bewildering.

"Second and third form kids," Mr. Burns said. "They get a great kick out of it."

Other classes followed, scores went up on the big board. When the first bout for the heavier boys was announced, it was not Roger who came out for his school.

"Oh, oh," said Mr. Burns. "What's wrong?" asked Mr. Merritt.

"They must be moving Rog up to a heavier class. I remember, now, Tommy said Jack Wells, who usually wrestles in that class, wasn't feeling very good yesterday. Boy, Rog is in for a really tough time."

Mr. Merritt's heart skipped a beat. "Yes, he's got a really tough boy against him. The Milford captain, no less."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Merritt.

His neighbor extended a long arm. "That kid standing over by the scoreboard."

Mr. Merritt's gaze followed the pointing finger and a chill ran along his spine. It was the rugged, impassive boy whom he had noticed when the Milford team had entered.

"He's too good for Rog," Mr. Burns said. "Too smart and strong. Don't mistake me. Rog is coming along nicely. Give him another year and he'll be a neat little wrestler. But he doesn't know enough right now to wrestle with a kid like Gordon Martin. They're just tossing Rog to the lions to-day."

"But they can't forfeit the bout, and, anyway, lost causes are one of Rog's specialities. That kid of yours, Mr. Merritt, is a real solid citizen. He'll take a beating any day to help win a match for the team."

Mr. Merritt didn't know what to say. He stared at the powerful figure of Gordon Martin. A kind of helpless terror twitched in his stomach muscles.

His glance went over to where Roger was sitting, his robe pulled up to his ears, his hands dangling between his knees, his eyes fixed on space. He looked young and frail

Continuing . . . The Son He Never Met

compared with the muscular assurance of his opponent.

Mr. Merritt had a sudden intense longing to walk across the gym and sit beside his son, not speaking to him, just being together for the time before the bout.

And along with that emotion he was aware that he envied, and in a way resented, the large man at his elbow, who knew so much more about this side of Roger than he did, understood the ordeal that was ahead of the boy; had, in fact, through his own son, prepared him to meet it.

It was, and Mr. Merritt was stricken at the thought, as though Roger were really closer to this stranger than to himself, and he felt, all at once, that he must find out as much as possible of the test confronting his son.

"I don't know anything about wrestling," he said humbly.

"Well," said Mr. Burns, "it's not very complicated. They wrestle three rounds. One of three minutes and two of two minutes each. The first round they start standing up."

There was a flurry of movement. The scoreboard showed Milford leading by one point. The tinny voice of the loud-speaker said: "Roger Merritt for Croton, Gordon Martin for Milford. Carl Wick, referee."

Mr. Merritt saw Roger get up and toss aside his robe. He ran lightly out on the mat. Then Mr. Merritt noticed that the boy was wearing a pair of white gym pants over his maroon wrestling tights.

"Why is Roger wearing those white pants?" he asked. Mr. Burns chuckled. "In one match Rog tore his rights and had to put on a pair of gym pants. He won the bout, so, ever since, he's worn them. He calls them his Lucky Pants."

Again Mr. Merritt felt the sting of envy and resentment. What else did this stranger know about his son that he did not?

Roger and Gordon had joined the referee in the centre circle. The dark-haired boy stood stolid and detached, arms folded, head lowered, threatening and confident.

Roger danced about lightly on his toes; he shook his hands with a queer fluttering motion.

"Why does he do that?" asked Mr. Merritt.

"He's keeping the muscles in his arms loose."

The referee put an arm around each boy's shoulders. Roger smiled, said something and the man laughed. Gordon's expression did not change.

They extended their hands in a brief handshake.

Then, as they turned away, Roger leaned forward and patted his opponent's back. Gordon glanced up, a look of surprise lightened his face. The bell rang!

Roger whirled. He sprang across the circle, caught Gordon by the shoulders, rushed him savagely to the edge of the mat and out of bounds. The referee clapped his hands. The boys separated and returned to the circle.

"Gosh," said Mr. Burns. "What's Rog trying to do? Gordon won't stand for that kind of treatment."

The two boys again faced each other at the white circle. The referee stepped aside. Roger leaped and flung himself upon Gordon, there was a wild flurry of arms and bodies and then they crashed to the mat.

A yell went up from the Croton supporters. The scorer wrote a large 2 on the board. Mr. Burns pounded Mr. Merritt on the back.

"Take-down for Rog!" he shouted.

"What happened?" "Rog threw him. Two points for us."

"Is that good?" "Good?" said Mr. Burns. "It's wonderful. Rog has control and he's got Gordon worried."

Mr. Merritt realised that he was panting slightly. He looked at his fingers gripping the iron railing of the stand; they were rigid with tension.

He raised his glance to the boys locked in a grim struggle. Roger was like a young leopard, he thought in awe, savage and beautiful.

"One minute," said Mr.

Burns. "Rog better be careful."

As though he had heard, Roger kept Gordon from gaining a hold, wrestled warily, without either being able to get an advantage.

The bell rang. Mr. Burns sighed and mopped his face. Mr. Merritt drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Butterflies in the stomach?" asked Mr. Burns.

Roger's father nodded.

"I get 'em, too. Relax. Maybe Rog can pull this one off."

The boys came to the centre of the mat. A coin spun in the air. The referee bent to look at it. He slapped Gordon's shoulder.

"Oh, oh," Mr. Burns said. "Gordon is starting on top." "On top?" "You'll see."

Roger had gone down on his hands and knees. Gordon placed his right arm across Roger's body; his left arm was extended and his hand grasped Roger's left elbow.

The referee, kneeling, looked at them carefully, moved Gordon's right arm slightly, and clapped his hands.

Immediately Gordon began to try to turn Roger by sheer weight and strength. The boy, braced by arms and legs, opposed him. They strained in a subtle ferocious shifting of holds and pressures.

Mr. Merritt could see Roger's face, his eyes half closed, his jaw set, his whole body concentrated in effort. Gordon moved swiftly, now on one side, then on the other.

The action was fluid as water, with all of water's hidden power.

"Gordon's giving him every hold in the book," Mr. Burns said. "I don't think Rog can take it much longer."

Slowly Roger sank flatter on to the mat. The Milford supporters began a wild chant. "Pin him, Gordon. He's chicken. Pin him."

Mr. Merritt found himself on his feet, yelling. He thought, this is disgraceful, but I can't help it. There was no other way he could aid his son.

The tumult of sound en-

gulfed his voice. "Chicken! He's chicken! Take him, Gordon!"

Roger was crawling slowly towards the edge of the mat, a labored, inching progress, terrible to watch. A lock of blond hair dangled over his face. His mouth hung open in an agony of breathing.

"He's done," Mr. Burns said unhappily.

Without warning, Roger moved in an action so swift and savage that the eye could not follow it. Suddenly he was on top and Gordon was wedged beneath him.

"My goodness," yelled Mr. Burns. "A reversal!"

The bell rang. A large 4 was scrawled on the Croton side of the scoreboard. The triumph of the Milford boys collapsed in a wail of frustration. Gordon got to his feet and walked over to the bench, shaking his head in bewilderment.

But Roger lay outstretched and motionless on the mat. Coach and team-mates bent over him, moving his arms, sponging his face.

"Is he hurt?" asked Mr. Merritt.

"Played out," said Mr. Burns. "I never saw anything like it."

Presently Roger was lifted to his feet. He began to walk in little circles, fluttering his hands, while the coach talked to him.

Mr. Merritt licked his dry lips, and asked, "How long between rounds?"

"One minute."

The bell rang. Mr. Burns groaned. "Roger has to start on top," he said. "That means he can't stall."

The two boys arranged themselves with Roger stretched across Gordon's kneeling body. The referee signalled to start. Roger moved with fierce, unexpected rapidity. He caught Gordon in a half-Nelson and turned him on his side.

"Goodness," yelled Mr. Burns. "Rog is trying to pin him. The kid's crazy!"

The two figures writhed and struggled. Gordon was braced on one shoulder and Roger lay across him. The referee was lying flat, to see the moment when both Gordon's shoulders would touch the mat.

The spectators had gone mad. Mr. Burns was standing, screaming. "Look out, Rog. You're too far over!"

Mr. Merritt clung to the rail, incapable of speech.

Slowly Roger was turning Gordon. The referee had his hand raised, ready to slap the mat to indicate a pin.

"Look out, Rog," yelled Mr. Burns.

Then it was all over! Roger slid across Gordon's prone body. Gordon rolled with him. He pinned Roger's shoulders to the mat. The referee's hand smacked the rubber.

Gordon got up and walked to his bench. Roger raised himself to his knees and staved there as though beyond further movement. Tommy Burns and the coach lifted him to his feet and supported him to the bench. Mr. Merritt fell back into his seat.

"Look," said Mr. Burns. "I know how you feel. Go ahead and bawl. I have, many a time."

Mr. Merritt forced himself to look across the gym. Roger was sitting with his hands over his eyes, shaking his head

slowly from side to side. Presently he arose, skirted the edge of the mat and came to the stand. He leaned on the iron rail and smiled at his father.

"Nice going, Rog," Mr. Burns said. "It was a good try."

"Thank you, sir," Roger said. "That was a tough one to lose. I pinned him, but the ref missed it."

"You did?" said Mr. Merritt. "Couldn't you protest?"

"He's a good ref," Roger said. "They all miss 'em once in a while. We can still win. See you when it's over, dad."

"Tell that kid of mine he's better win."

"He will," Roger said.

"I think I'll go out and smoke a cigarette," said Mr. Merritt.

"Good idea," said Mr. Burns. He extended his hand. "Nice to have met you."

Mr. Merritt crawled over the knees of the spectators. He knew that he was being impolite not to stay to see Tommy Burns wrestle, but he was too spent by emotion to stand any more.

He walked to the car, sank into the seat and lit a cigarette. What exactly had happened? he asked himself.

He had watched his son take part in an athletic contest and lose. It was nonsense for a grown man to feel so upset by a schoolboy game.

But in a queer way it was as though he'd approached one of those doors that are operated by an electric brain. When he put out his hand, the door had swung open, denuding his habitual reflexes, throwing him off balance.

And what did a door opening unexpectedly have to do with Roger? Mr. Merritt sighed, closing his eyes. This had been one of the most disturbing experiences of his life, but he knew he would not have missed it.

He must have done a little in the warm car, for he was suddenly startled by the door opening. Roger, dressed, stood grinning at him. There was a mat burn on his temple and a bandage across his nose.

"Hello," he said. "We won."

As he started to get in, Mr. Merritt said, "Would you care to drive, Roger?"

"Oh, yes," the boy replied. He snapped the car into gear and threaded swiftly into the traffic. It was on the tip of Mr. Merritt's tongue to say, "Slower, Roger," but he restrained the impulse.

"Watch us, room," said Roger.

They swept around two cars and a trailer truck and out into an open lane. Roger's eyes were with happiness.

"You did very well," Mr. Merritt said. "I—I was proud of you, Roger. That boy you wrestled, he's rather a tough character, isn't he?"

"Who, Gordon?" Roger said in surprise. "He's a nice kid. I like him. He wrestles very clean." He began to whistle.

"Wait till next year, dad."

"I've been thinking," Mr. Merritt said. "I could get some time off from the office for the matches. Perhaps drive some of the team when you have out-of-town bouts. Like Mr. Burns."

"Gosh," Roger said, "that would be terrific." He smiled at his father. "Perhaps you could work up to be mascot."

"I might," Mr. Merritt said, and added firmly, "And I could be a dashed good one."

(Copyright)

Two versions of the Bible:

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

Below is printed the Christmas story in two forms. One is taken from the familiar King James version of the Bible (St. Luke 2: 8-14), the other from the recently published Bible which is known as the Revised Standard Version. From time to time over the next few weeks The Australian Women's Weekly will print other compared passages for the interest of readers.

King James Version

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Revised Standard Version

(8) And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. (9) And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. (10) And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; (11) for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. (12) And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger." (13) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

(14) "Glory to God in the highest,

and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!"

Request Number

By Philip Boyer, Jun.



ILLUSTRATED
BY
DUNLOP

THE second morning after it happened I came into the office fifteen minutes early, with our tune still running through my head and a wonderful new theme for a series of magazine ads which would brand any male who didn't smoke Mellodraw as an indiscriminating, socially unacceptable dolt.

I despise pipes myself — but a client's a client, money's money, and my immediate plans seemed to call for a lot of money in a reasonable hurry.

As I sat down at my desk, still humming silently and happily to myself, Willie, the office boy, brought the morning mail.

On top of the pile was a blue envelope addressed to me in a neat, unfamiliar, and obviously feminine hand.

With a sudden feeling of apprehension I picked up the blue envelope and slit it open. A postal note fell out, followed by a single sheet of stationery. This is how it read:

"Dear Mr. Thomas:

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate all the thoughtfulness and consideration which you showed to Butch and me last night. I simply don't know what we should have done without you.

"I've been thinking things over, however, and feel that we must not presume any further on your kindness. I believe that we were both carried away a little during the evening, although I shall always treasure it as one of my fondest memories.

"Now that you have shown us how, you can be sure that to-morrow afternoon Butch and I will be able to get along by ourselves. I enclose a postal note for the money which you gave me.

"Very sincerely,
"Linda Cartwright Jones."

Mellodraw, pipe smokers, and magazine ads, as far as Nicky Thomas was concerned, became as interesting as a 1942 mail order catalogue. I ducked out of the

office, went down to Jim's, found an unoccupied table, and sat down over a cup of coffee to examine the situation.

After work the night before last, I was taking a short-cut through the station. I was moving along slowly because over the loudspeaker I could hear "In My Sweet Little Alice Gown" and I've always been a sucker for old songs. Then I saw her.

She was standing beside the information desk, dressed in a nifty blue outfit, and holding on with both hands to a chain to which was attached the biggest, blackest, and most active puppy I have ever seen.

Her size three foot was tapping in time with the music. Just then the monster broke loose, knocked over her suitcase, and made off at full speed towards one of the station's entrances. She started after him, but tripped and sat down on the ground where she was standing.

The evening commuters' rush was going full blast, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. At that time of day I don't think that most of them would have taken a second look at Paulette Goddard, Louis Armstrong, and Molotov standing on their heads and harmonising "Sweet Adeline"—the 5.50 just won't wait.

As I took off after the dog I could just hear her calling, "Here, Butch! Here, Butch! Come here, you . . ." The beast's progress was clearly marked by a trail of scattered packages and magazines, as well as by a stream of loud, uncomplimentary language, most of which seemed to be aimed in my direction.

Finally I caught sight of the dog, gained on him, and with the aid of a final sprint, I grabbed his chain and dug in my heels. Making a last but powerful bid for freedom, the brute pulled me flat on my back.

Then 80 pounds of dog started jumping all over me and my face was being licked by an enormous expanse of pink, very wet tongue. I was doing my best to get to my feet when I heard a voice above me saying:

"Fancy, he likes you. Butch simply

hates most men. Thank you so much."

"Nothing at all, Miss, nothing at all," I replied, getting to my feet and trying to ignore the two front buttons which had been ripped off my best suit. "Now that you've got him, what are you going to do with him?"

"I just don't know," she said. "I've lost my purse."

Then she started to cry. Now get me right. I'm strictly a person who minds his own business. Rescuing unknown weeping women is not in my line.

But as she stood there before me I couldn't help noticing the heavy dark red curls as they fell forward over her face, and how little her hands looked. I started asking questions and finally got the story. She'd lost her ticket and her money.

Her uncle was meeting her at the next town on a train which left the Central Station at nine o'clock that night. She didn't know anyone here. Did I think the Travellers' Aid might . . . ?

SHE blew her nose. I stood there, the end of Butch's chain still in my hand and the balance of it wrapped in a granny-knot around my ankles.

"Travellers' Aid is all right," I heard my voice saying, "but I have a better idea. I've gotting special to do this evening. Why don't you and Butch have dinner with me? Then I can put you on your train. You can send me a cheque for the fare after you get where you're going."

"I've never done anything like this before," she said, "but you've been so kind, and Butch likes you. Do you really mean it?"

"Let's go," I said.

I called a porter, who picked up her suitcase and put us in a cab. I told the driver to go to Luigi's, where they know me, and which is the only place I could think of that wouldn't give a loud howl at the

Butch was all over me and the red-headed girl was saying, "Fancy, he likes you."

prospect of housing Butch, even temporarily, under its roof.

A few minutes later we were sitting at my favorite table with Butch, quite subdued, lying on the floor at our feet, and with the juke box ripping the daylight out of "Dear Old Gal."

From that time on my recollection of the evening consists mostly of fragments. Item: she wasn't married. Item: while she was talking she had a trick of lifting her right hand behind her head and winding one of those dark red curls around her finger.

Item: she was twenty-three — three years younger than me. Item: her voice sent agreeable little shivers scooting up and down my spine. Item: she was an orphan, worked as assistant librarian in a small town — she wouldn't tell me which one — and was on her way to spend a couple of days with an uncle and aunt.

Item: we were both crazy about sailing, Mario Lanza, hockey matches, Stravinsky, part singing, and color photography. Item: for a little girl she certainly knew how to enjoy a steak—that goes for Butch, too. Item: I got her to promise to call me at the office on her way back. Item: she kissed me good-bye, on both cheeks.

And now what? The love of my life — she was just exactly that — was coming to town in the next few hours and she wasn't going to get in touch with me.

I just had to find her—if I didn't I'd never see her again—but how? A hundred thousand persons go through the station every day.

But I had to make a try, and I certainly wasn't getting anywhere just sitting in the coffee-shop.

It was around two o'clock when I got to the station. For the next three hours I haunted the gates of all the incoming trains, making a general nuisance of myself, asking porters and even sympathetic-looking passengers if they had seen any trace of a small red-headed girl accompanied by a very big black dog.

I even slipped a tip to the head porter and asked him to keep an eye out. He promised to do his best, but didn't seem very hopeful.

Then the evening rush began. There were so many outgoing trains and so many passengers stampeding through the gates that four platoons of detectives couldn't have watched them all.

"I might as well give up," I said out loud. The old lady who was sitting next to me gave me a funny look and quickly moved over to another bench. Just then a sound filtered through to my numbed senses. "Alice" was being played over the loud-speaker.

Almost automatically, without volition, my tired feet started taking me towards the information desk. There she stood, holding Butch. I let out a yell and started towards them. It took a good five minutes for the three of us to become disentangled.

It wasn't until late one night five years later, soon after our second son was born, that she admitted that our second meeting hadn't been just pure coincidence.

The little minx, bless her heart, had gone to the stationmaster's office as soon as she reached the station and requested "Alice."

(Copyright)

Vacation in the City

By
**FLORENCE
JANE
SOMAN**

It was hot, so hot that John found it an effort to comb his hair. The heat of the small room seemed to have entered his body, giving him a terrible feeling of having been sealed inside some tight, breathless place from which there was no escape.

He moved to the window and stood staring down into the street, a big-shouldered young man with dark hair and a clean, fresh look.

On Friday, the men at the office had sounded envious when he said good-bye for his holiday.

"You lucky man," they had said. "Looks as if we're in for a record summer." They asked him where he was going, but he had answered evasively. There had been a time when he would have told them the truth, that he was spending his two weeks here in London.

But he hadn't told them; he was ashamed that they should know how broke he was; besides, it was none of their business.

He had looked forward to this holiday for a long time, but now, as he thought of the hundreds of hours that stretched ahead, he had a feeling close to panic.

For a moment he wished that he were back at his desk in the advertising firm where he worked, with all the minutes of his day harnessed and accounted for. And then he knew just as suddenly that he didn't want that, either.

It wasn't that he hated the job, but something had changed inside him ever since that soap account had been given to Ferguson instead of to him. From then on he had done only what was required of him and no more; he couldn't see any point in killing himself when it wasn't appreciated.

The whole business had gone flat and stale on him; he couldn't think why he had ever been excited about advertising.

He stood motionless now, staring down into the street. Two fat women were chatting in front of the terrace houses opposite and as he stared at them a feeling of emptiness came over him suddenly, so deep and so overpowering that he closed his eyes. When he opened them, he turned abruptly and left the flat, closing the door with a bang.

In the corridor he looked at his watch, wondering where to go.

Eleven o'clock. Too early for a film and the idea didn't appeal to him anyway. As he stood there he saw a flight of stairs leading to the roof and it occurred to him that it might be cooler up there. He had never tried it.

He climbed the flight of stone steps and opened the heavy door. The sudden glare of sunlight blinded him until he shielded his eyes. It was an ordinary flat roof with a parapet, but as he turned he saw something that made him start with surprise.

A girl in a green bathing suit lay stretched comfortably, her arms curled round her head, her face turned away from him. Beneath her was a large bath towel and at her elbow a canvas bag and an alarm clock. Behind her was a battered deck-chair upon which lay a bottle of suntan oil and a cotton jacket.

The poor man's Riviera, John thought. There was something so incongruous about the scene that he wanted to laugh.

He hesitated, and then something perverse inside him made him walk, very quietly, towards the motionless girl. He squatted on his heels beside her.

She opened her eyes. He expected her to jump, but, apart from a twitch of her shoulders, she showed no reaction.

For a moment neither of them said anything. Then the girl sighed and started to push herself up. "What a dirty trick!" she said. "What a foul, dirty trick!"

John felt ashamed. "I suppose it was," he said. "I apologise." She wasn't an especially pretty girl, he noticed, but there was something very agreeable about her snub-nosed face. And she had a good body, slender and softly rounded.

"Sneaking up here like a policeman," she said. "I bet you're always arresting people for loitering."

John grinned. "I trample on flowers," he said, "and bite innocent babies."

"It wouldn't surprise me." But now she grinned, too, and it was a wonderful grin, warm and sweet; it changed her whole face.

"I'm John Holmes."

"My name's Margie," she said. "Marjorie, really. Marjorie Scott."

As John began to settle himself gingerly on the hard surface, she gestured towards the deck-chair. "Courtesy of the house," she said. "No charge for anything up here,

Sun, sky, fresh air, everything free. What has Brighton got that this hasn't?"

John could tell by the way she spoke that she was one of those career-minded girls; there was always something that gave them away. He rose, sank into the deck-chair, which swayed alarmingly and then settled under his weight.

"Only one thing I can think of," he said. "A little matter of the sea."

"Why," Margie said, "I've got a sweeping river view. Just look over there—no, between those chimneys."

John strained his eyes in the direction of her hand. "Hm-m," he said finally. "I would say that it was a sweep of a good two inches."

"Plenty of water in those two inches, my friend." She turned and settled on her stomach again, closing her eyes. "Besides, I'm a small girl and I require only a small view."

A character, John thought. He closed his eyes, too. The sun scorched his face, but there was a breeze; it was a lot better than his small flat. The sun made him sleepy and he was just about to drop off when a loud bell shrilled somewhere at his feet, making him jump.

Margie's hand stretched out and turned off the alarm.

"I'm done on that side," she said. She sat up and yawned. "Anyway, it's time for my lunch."

"Lunch?" John said. "You mean you bring your lunch up here?"

"Why not?" She reached for the bag and unzipped it, taking out a napkin, a packet of sandwiches, fruit, a bottle of milk, and a plastic cup. Everything, John saw, had been arranged and packed with great care.

"Help yourself," she said. "Picnickers welcome."

"No thanks." John rose to his feet. Perhaps she could delude herself into thinking that lunch and a sun-bath on a London roof was fun; he couldn't.

"Are you on holiday?" she said. And when he nodded, she said, "Me, too; this is my first day. I've got it all planned."

She had unwrapped a sandwich and he saw, with astonishment, that it was cut daintily in the shape of a star.

"Is that so?" he said. "In what way?"

With one hand, she rummaged inside the bag and drew out a folded

piece of paper covered on both sides with neat rows of typing.

"For instance," she said, looking down at it, "I stay up here until three o'clock, and then I go down and have a bath. Then—"

"You've got it all time-tabled like that?" John broke in. "The whole holiday?"

She looked up. "What's wrong with that? Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Well," John said carefully, "I wouldn't know. What comes after the bath?"

Margie took a bite of her sandwich and consulted the list. "I get dressed," she said, "and take a taxi and explore the funny little shops in Soho."

She looked up again. "I've always wanted to do that, but never managed it. That's why holidays are so wonderful; you can do all the things you can't fit in the rest of the time."

Well, well, John thought. I must run down to the flying club; I can't seem to fit in flying in the rest of the year.

"How do you know," he asked aloud, "if you're going to feel like walking through Soho at three o'clock?"

Margie hesitated and then turned her head away. "Oh, I'll feel like it," she said.

"Well," John said, "have fun."

She faced him again and grinned. "Thank you," she said. "I will."

When he reached the door, John looked back. Margie was pouring milk into the cup.

Poor child, he thought. But as he opened the door and started down the stairs, he wondered why he felt sorry for the girl. Certainly she seemed happy enough.

The next morning he went to the roof again, taking a book and a cushion with him. When he opened the door he looked round quickly, but the girl wasn't there. Probably, he thought, she's already up to step four on to-day's schedule, something gay and different—like a trip to the Caledonian Market. But he was disappointed.

He sat down and tried to read, but after a while he put the book down. It always seemed like this lately; he couldn't concentrate. He bared his torso and tried to relax in the sun. Perhaps it was just as well he was on holiday now when he didn't matter.

But at the thought of his holiday



ILLUSTRATED
BY
HEDSTROM

It took a girl with a brave heart to show him that money doesn't always buy the happiest holidays

one abruptly and walked to the edge of the roof, staring down. Last time he'd been in Provenç, he'd be there now if it hadn't been for appendicitis. All that he wanted afterwards on a sick bed in Cornwall, just to convalesce! He turned when he heard a movement behind him. Margie stood there in shorts. His heart beat faster and the moodiness went out of him; he was looking at her made him feel

"Hello," he said. He saw that she had brought up a book and a bag. "You're travelling light this time."

"Hello," Margie said. "I'm not going long." She arranged the cushion and lay down, arms above her head. "Just half an hour on each side. I have a lot of things planned for the day."

"Is that so?" John said. "What's the agenda?"

"Well," she said, "I'm going to a place I've heard about in Shaftesbury Avenue—quite cheap, too—for a Chinese lunch, and then I want to go to the Zoo." She tilted her head, looking up at him. "How's your holiday going? Enjoying it?"

"Quite fun," John said, "quite good fun. For relaxation and diversion, there's no place like London in a nutshell. And, as you say, everything is absolutely free, sizzling pavements, everything." He sniffed the air. "Including these invigorating fumes."

"I like it up here," Margie said, pointing. "I like the height."

She reached for her book and took out a folded piece of paper, which she handed to him. "I made you a list, too," she said. "It isn't detailed to mine, but it's quite good, I think. It ought to keep you busy."

John was touched. "Thank you," he said. He accepted the paper gratefully. "You shouldn't have gone to all that trouble."

They began to talk. Margie was from the north of England; she had come to London after the death of her parents; now she had a job in an interior decorating firm. As she talked, John's picture of her rounded and took on new dimensions.

Margie had a good mind and a sound core of honesty inside her; she displayed none of the usual little coquetties of a girl talking to a new young man. Often she would fall silent, gazing off into the dis-

tance with soft and bemused eyes, as if she were wishing for something.

I hope she gets it, John thought, whatever it is. I hope her dreams come true. He felt almost protective as he watched her; she seemed to have such a blind faith in people. Then he told himself that falling in love was too big a luxury.

After a while, they both began to read. John's eyes grew heavy after

a few paragraphs; he had been sleeping badly lately.

When he awoke, Margie was gone.

He went to the pictures; he ate in the first restaurant that presented itself when he was hungry; he read in his off-roomed flat and then, restless and filled with a sudden anger against the heat and London, he sought the streets again.

It was as if he were caught inside

some small circle that was locked about him; no matter how he ran from one side to the other, he could not escape.

On Wednesday night he stood on the pavement, wondering what to do. The thought of going up to his flat was abhorrent to him and he couldn't face a film again.

He wanted to ring some of the boys at the office—Ferguson, Wilson, perhaps—but he hadn't rung any of them since his holiday began and he was afraid they might conclude at once that he was broke and at a loose end.

Most of all, he wanted to see

Margie. It was funny how she kept coming into his mind; he kept seeing the pale freckles across her nose and the pure, very young line of her cheek; he kept hearing her voice, light and a little breathless. It would be easy to fall in love with a girl like Margie.

Only he couldn't afford to fall in love. He couldn't even afford to take a girl out at the moment. He couldn't very well telephone her flat and say, "How about coming with me? We could go for a nice walk."

No, there was always the little matter of pride involved. It looked as though everything, in the end, boiled down to his lack of money.

He remembered suddenly the list Margie had given him and his mouth curved in a half-smile. Reading it was something to do, anyway. It might make him laugh.

It did. She even suggested trying a different Soho restaurant every night (giving him the approximate



"You've got it all worked out to a time-table," John said in surprise. "Your whole holiday?"

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prices, too) and under the heading "Late Morning" she had a lot of things listed: trips by river bus; a visit to the National Gallery; exhibitions at the South Kensington Museum; the jewel collection at the Tower of London; "doing" Westminster Abbey and the Tate Gallery. It was incredible, as if he were a tourist.

Not that he had ever done those things, of course, but wasn't it a standing joke that a native Londoner never saw any of the "points of interest" that sightseers from all over the world rushed to visit?

He frowned and then, after a moment, he looked at the paper again. To-night, for instance—what did she have down for to-night?

His eyes scanned the lines and came to Wednesday—Evening. Next to it was written: "Band Concert in Kensington Gardens."

John almost smothered. A band concert. Of all things! And yet, was it such a bad idea, really? He liked music and it would be cool.

He stood still. And then he folded the paper and put it back in his pocket. Why not? he thought. I have nothing else to do.

He turned and started up the street, but now he walked differently, taking longer, more purposeful steps. It was funny, of course. He was only going to a concert in the park, but it was good to have a plan for the evening.

Sitting there was cool and pleasant; he watched the people arriving in their thin summer clothes, some carrying books and newspapers to read in the fading light of the summer day.

There was a muted hum of conversation round him and, above the surrounding trees, the jagged skyline of London roofs.

After a while he turned and gazed at the back of him; the seats were filling rapidly. He was about to straighten when his mouth went dry. For there was Margie, chatting animatedly with a grey-haired man, her delightfully snub-nosed profile turned towards him.

Her thin dress was sleeveless and a bright rose was caught at her collar; on her hands were short white gloves. She looked, John thought, very fresh and smart; he could feel his heart beating faster at the sight of her.

As she turned she saw him and her face changed. She murmured something to her companion and rose, edging her way out of the row. John got up, too, and a few minutes later she was sinking into the chair beside him.

"Well!" she said. "This time we meet on sea level. Isn't it a gorgeous night?" She closed her eyes and took such a deep breath that the rose at her throat quivered.

John grinned; he had a feeling of sudden and complete happiness. "I didn't mean to take you away from your friend," he said.

Margie looked puzzled, and then her face cleared. "Oh, he wasn't a friend," she said. "We just got into conversation."

"I suppose you have a lot of friends?" John said.

"Oh, yes!" Margie looked down, a little smile about her mouth. "There's Harry and Peter. I see a lot of them. Of course, I haven't been in London long, but I'm meeting new people all the time." She looked up, her eyes very clear. "I suppose I've got

Continuing . . . Vacation in the City

what you'd call a friendly nature.

"Yes," John said, "I should think you have."

"What did you think of the list?" she asked.

John shifted, suddenly embarrassed. "Well," he said, "I've only just started to try it. I don't know if—"

"Of course, you've got to talk to people," Margie said. "Otherwise it isn't any good at all."

"Talk to people? You mean strangers?"

"Why, yes. There's nothing in it, really. It's easy. I'll show you." She turned to the stout woman at her side who was reading a book. "I beg your pardon," Margie said, "but is that book good? I've been meaning to get it."

The woman had looked startled, but now her expression became eager. "Oh, it's excellent," she said. "If you like historical novels, I mean."

"Thank you," Margie broke in, nodding and smiling. "I'll really read it then." She turned to John again, leaning close and making her voice low. "You see how easy it is?" she said. "You can meet a lot of interesting people like that."

WITH her face so close to his, John could see the tiny freckles on her tanned cheeks, the liquid clarity of her eyes. A faint perfume seemed to emanate from her hair, her skin, and clothes, making him a little dizzy.

The sound of instruments brought him back to reality. He turned his head away. Now, now, he told himself. Margie was the kind of girl you didn't play around with.

You took a girl like that out regularly and then you married her. And the thought of marriage was funny at the moment. He couldn't afford it.

It was a good concert; John enjoyed it all. As for Margie, she seemed to take an inordinate delight in everything round her; the music, the darkening sky, the night breeze, everything.

He bought her coffee on the way home and she seemed to make an occasion of that, too. John shook his head, watching her against the background of the hot and noisy milk-bar. A big evening, he thought. A free concert and then coffee. Casanova, that's me.

The whole thing was incredible; if anyone had told him that he was going to do any of the things on Margie's list, he would have said—well, he probably wouldn't have said anything, he would just have laughed.

But he was doing and seeing a lot of things he had never done and seen before, and while some of it interested him only mildly, and some not at all, there was a great deal that he had found stimulating and rewarding. London was a big and exciting city. And the main thing, the important thing, was that he always had a destination to reach, a plan for the hours that passed.

Every morning now he went swimming in the Serpentine. He had never thought of it before.

At the end of that first week

he was watching the boats on the Serpentine when he looked up. The figures round him receded and faded into an indistinguishable blur; there was only Margie standing there and smiling down at him. He had thought of her so much during these past few days; now it was so wonderful to see her that he couldn't say anything.

"Hallo," she said softly. "Hallo, John." She sat down beside him. Her light hair was pinned on top of her head in an artless confusion that went delightfully with her round face; John wondered how he could ever have thought that she wasn't a very pretty girl.

"Isn't this fun?" she said. And then her eyes changed. "Why, you look awfully well. Your face is different. I suppose your holiday's done you good."

He grinned and was about to say something derisive and then he hesitated. The past few days hadn't been too bad. "Well . . ." he said cautiously, "I'm getting a lot of fresh air and exercise, anyway." He cleared his throat and then, because he couldn't help himself, he said, "How's Harry? And—Peter, wasn't it?"

"Oh, they're very well," she said. "I see them a lot."

John felt a heaviness in his chest. "Do they ever come here?" he asked, almost dreading her reply.

"Oh, no." She faced him and grinned. "They have a private swimming-pool. They're wonderful swimmers. They absolutely live in the water."

A faint hope inside John flickered and died. She probably had a lot of wealthy friends, he thought; it doesn't matter to her that she hasn't much money herself.

To these provincial girls, London was like a giant box of chocolates to be sampled slowly and with relish and to be explored for the prize concealed inside. No wonder everything about it seemed different and exciting to her—the people, the sights, the sounds, and the smells.

The novelty would wear off soon enough and she would marry one of these young men in her life; the business career, such as it was, would be forgotten.

He realised that Margie was speaking. "Have you been

meeting a n y interesting people?" she was asking. And when he shook his head, she leaned forward a little, her eyes disturbed. "Oh, you have to talk to people. Try."

John looked at her; he couldn't stop looking at her; he could feel his heart swelling almost painfully inside him.

As their gaze met, he could see her face soften and the breath come, light and quick, in her throat. All the sounds round them, the shrieks and the voices and the laughter, muted and dissolved into the hot, still air, leaving them both caught in a dreaming void.

Margie looked away. "I've got to go," she said. She rose to her feet. "I've got an appointment."

She's always so busy, John thought, always going somewhere.

After she had disappeared he sat gazing at the water with a terrible sense of loss. Finally, when he looked round him, it seemed that everyone was with someone else. And then, as he turned his head, his eyes met those of the young man next to him. His face was familiar to John; they had both been coming here every day. He looks, John thought, a decent sort of chap.

You have to talk to people, Margie had said. John sat motionless, remembering. And then, suddenly, his hand shot out; it seemed to have moved of its own accord.

"Might as well introduce ourselves," he said to the young man. "I'm John Holmes." He was astonished at his words, at the overtone he had made. He hadn't done anything like that for a long time.

The young man grinned.

"Bill Daniels," he said. His grip was firm. "I've often seen you here."

They began talking; it was easy, companionable talk. Daniels was on holiday, too. "Couldn't get away this year," he said. "Bank balance wouldn't stretch to it. I'm for the charms of old London."

"Me, too," John said. He wondered suddenly why he hadn't told the truth to Ferguson and the others at the office. It was nothing to be ashamed of; there were hundreds in the same boat.

He and Daniels talked for a long time; in the end they

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By CAROLYN EARLE

- If your feet feel puffy and prickly with fatigue, these three simple exercises are suggested to reduce tiredness.

THE first requires a minimum of effort from you and can be done as you sit relaxing.

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For the second exercise, stand behind a chair with both hands resting on its back.

- Line up bare feet with big toes together and heels three or four inches apart. Keeping the balls of the feet flat, bend the knees slightly, rotating them outwards as far as possible without moving heel or toe positions. Repeat several times.

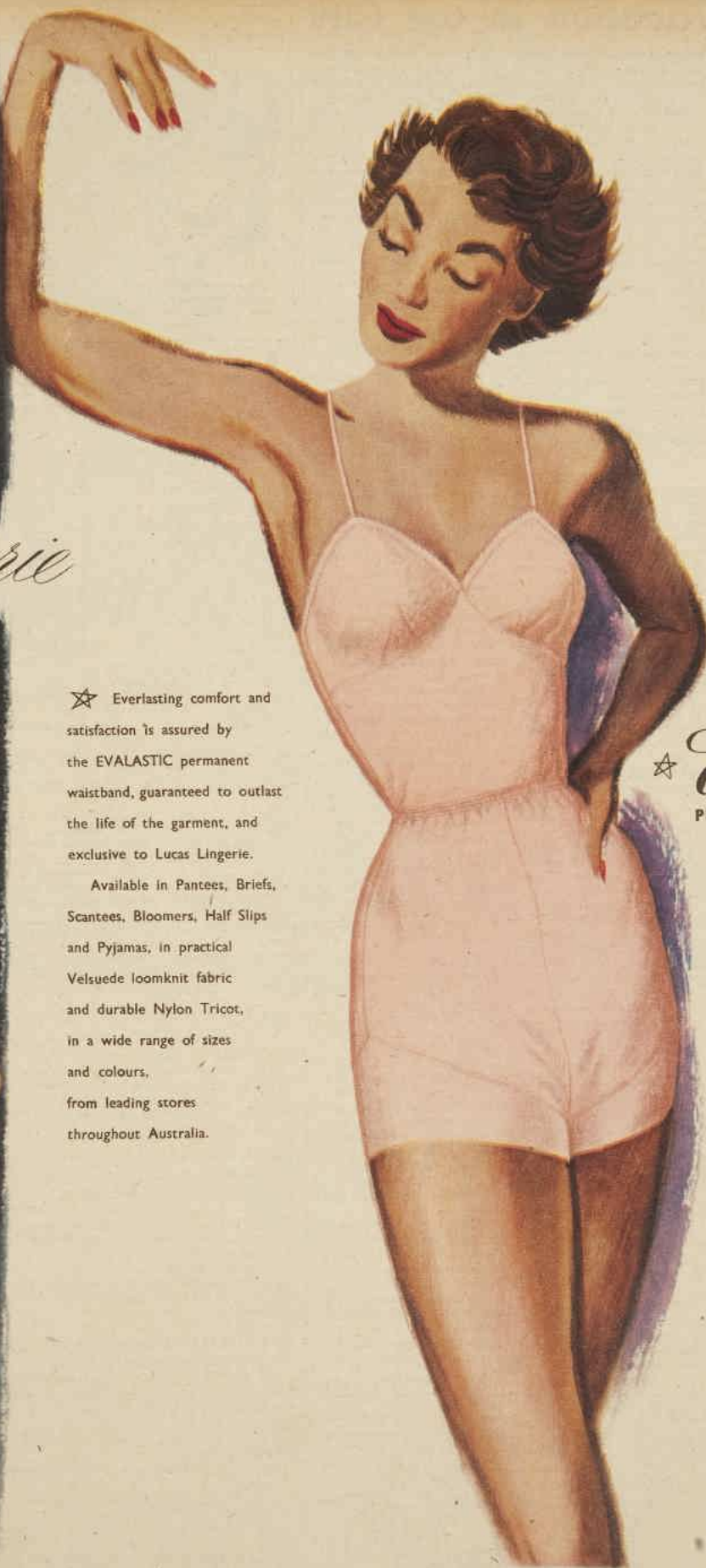
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 24, 1952

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arranged to play tennis on some public courts the following afternoon.

After Daniels had gone, John went inside to get dressed.

He felt very fit. He hadn't felt so fit for a long time; and he knew suddenly that he was going to ring Ferguson.

Perhaps he'd been attaching too much importance to that soap account business; he had had bad luck, but he had been twining it round in his mind too much. His sense of injury and humiliation had tainted something that had once been warm and good.

What did it matter, anyway? he asked himself as he rubbed his body until it tingled. It wasn't Ferguson's fault. It was all water under the bridge, anyway.

He didn't need a list any longer. He swam and played tennis with Daniels. He met Ferguson for dinner one night and two of the other chaps, too. He slept soundly and awoke with a feeling of ease and relaxation; there no longer seemed to be any urgent need to get out of the flat quickly, to do something—anything—as long as it offered a means of escape. He wasn't even sure of what he had been running from.

He tried not to think too much about Margie, but she kept coming back into his mind. He kept dreaming stupid, impossible things, such as coming into a fortune or going back to the office to find he had been made a high executive, but after a time he would shake his head, feeling foolish.

One morning at the end of the week he was getting dressed when he thought of a new angle for one of the accounts he was handling at the office.

It was a theme for a campaign of advertisements, and as it took form in his mind he began to block it all into a rough lay-out.

Hours later he sat staring at it. It's good, he thought. It's really good. He couldn't wait until Monday, when he could start to set the idea in motion.

He jumped up and walked to the window, looking down into the street, his heart beating fast. As he gazed down he saw two fat women chatting in front of the houses opposite.

Something came back into his mind; he had stood there looking at this exact scene another time. When had it been? On the first morning of his holiday. Only it had been so different then; he had had that terrible feeling of emptiness inside him, and the sensation of being sealed inside some tight, breathless place from which there was no escape.

He let out his breath slowly. He had got out, he didn't know how. Perhaps the walls had receded of themselves, letting in air and light and horizons he had almost forgotten. Mar-

gie, he thought. It was Margie who started it. Margie, with her freshness and her eagerness and her ridiculous list.

Suddenly he knew that he had to see her and tell her.

He left the room, couldn't wait for the lift, and clattered down two flights of stairs two steps at a time. Her door was the first on the right, he knew. After he rang the bell he stood there for a long time, it seemed, listening to his heart thudding inside his chest. Finally there was a movement on the other side and a voice saying, "Who is it?" Margie's voice.

She opened the door, and it was so dark inside the entrance hall he could hardly see her. "John," she said in her breathless way. "Come in, John. I've been ill."

"Ill?" He came in and closed the door behind him.

HE found himself in a small, narrow room filled with a pushing heat; the one window, that faced the overshadowing houses opposite, let in a faint greyish light that illuminated the few pieces of shabby furniture.

"Wait a minute, I'll turn on the light," Margie said. "It's rather a dark room—all the flats on this side are dark." She snapped on a small lamp and he saw that she looked pale, almost thin.

"Ill?" he said again. Despite the heat of the room, he felt a coldness inside him. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, just a heavy cold," she said. "I had a bit of a temperature, but I'm all right now." She grinned suddenly. "It takes more than a few germs to get me down."

"Who looked after you?" "Why, nobody." She walked over to the window. "I can look after myself."

"But didn't your friends—?" John began. "That is—"

"Well, I haven't very many friends and they're away now," Margie said, her head turned away. "I've been here only eight months." She turned towards him again.

"But what about your boy-friends?" John said. "They could have sent somebody round. Harry or Peter?"

Margie laughed and gestured with her hand towards a small goldfish bowl on a table. Two lethargic fish were motionless inside.

"The one on the left is Harry," she said. She was grinning broadly. "Didn't I tell you they had their own private swimming-pool?"

John stared at her; he was breathing heavily and something hurt inside his chest. "Don't," he said. "Don't joke about it, Margie."

She seemed to know at once what he meant. Her eyes went dark but the little smile remained at her mouth. "Why, John," she said, "it isn't as bad as that."

"It's bad enough," he said. He had thought of her as a career girl, living in a chintzy room, with wealthy friends to take her out and most of her salary going on clothes and feminine fripperies.

But it wasn't like that; she was completely on her own, scratching out a tight, pinch-penny existence among strangers in an indifferent city, a girl who could not help but be lonely in this dark, tiny flat, and afraid—terribly afraid.

His eye was caught by a small shelf in the corner. It held a few plates and knick-knacks, and around it was tacked a bright, ruffled frill in red and white.

He stared at it. He could not take his eyes away from it. It was such a little thing, but he knew suddenly that it was the wonderful part of Margie, who made so much out of so little.

These small, ridiculous things—a frill, a sandwich cut into the shape of a star, a bright, cheap, imitation flower pinned to a cotton frock—stood for Margie's strength and courage.

He looked at her. "You were always so busy," he said. "That list you made for your holiday—"

Margie's face was grave. "But you have to do things like that," she said. "You have to have a plan."

She looked down and, with her finger, made a little design on the table. "Otherwise—otherwise you wouldn't have anything to hold on to."

"Margie," he said. He had such a soft, wonderful feeling inside him. He took a step towards her and drew her into his arms, straining her close.

"Oh, Margie, Margie, my darling." He wanted to tell her how wonderful she was; he wanted to tell her that he loved her and that she had helped him to reach out from the small, tight circle that had held him for so long.

For it was true—you had to have a plan, something to hold on to. You had to know where you were going.

But he didn't want to talk about it now; he just wanted to hold her close.

"Margie," he said, with his lips against her hair, "you'll have to make another list, a list for a man and his girl." He straightened and looked down at her, a smile on his mouth. "There must be a lot of things for two people to do in a place like London, even two people who haven't much money."

Margie's eyes were clear and shining. "Oh, there are," she said. "For instance, for tomorrow there's dancing in the Festival Gardens."

"It sounds wonderful," John said. "It sounds wonderful, darling."

And the funny part of it was, he meant it.

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By RUD.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



MOTHER



"Tea-towels from Dad . . . dishcloths and pot-holders from the children . . . and a bottle of 'Exotique' perfume from myself."

BUTCH



"Maybe they liked it better wit' just a few icicles on."

It seems to me

CHRISTMAS carols began a full fortnight ago in the area where I live.

The Salvation Army was first in the field, including them in its Sunday morning services.

Kings Cross being what it is, carols are now to be heard on all sides most nights of the week as strains float out of windows where parties are being held.

An English clergyman, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Birmingham, lately criticised the singing of carols by parties of children.

He said it was "a ramp and racket which breeds child spivs," and advised people to make the children sing the carols right through and thus give full value for pennies.

The truth is that the pennies—or silver (has the vicar not heard of inflation?)—are sometimes bestowed in order to make the carol singers go away.

Anyway, I like carols. People may sing them outside my windows as long as they please.

I like everything associated with Christmas, beginning with cicadas, shasta daisies, hydrangea, the scent of mangoes and peaches on the fruit barrows, and all the other things that spell summer; I like it through all the mad, hysterical confusion of shopping right up to the cheerful peace of Christmas Day.

NOW that the breaking-up concerts are over, I should like to report the flawless honesty of a father.

"Tim was splendid in his part in the play last night," he announced as he arrived in the office. "Wife and I were proud of him. Of course we were fearfully bored as soon as his bit was over."

PEOPLE who hurl shoes and imprecations at caterwauling cats may care to follow this gentler example:

Disturbed beyond endurance, a suburban resident rose in the night, put a saucer of milk outside the back door, and dissolved a phenobarbital tablet in it.

When she got up in the morning a large black tom-cat was lying peacefully asleep outside the back door, and didn't wake for another half-hour.

AUSTRALIAN universities are not the only ones short of funds.

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Sir Maurice Bowra, said in a recent speech that even the richest colleges were now beginning to feel the pinch of poverty.

There is a solution available, if the authorities care to use it. Fees could be charged for conducted parties of tourists.

And students' japes, instead of being frowned on, could be encouraged.

The Vice-Chancellor could announce: "We have a party of Australians and Americans coming to-morrow. Special entertainment surcharges are being made and students who place items of underwear on flagpoles will receive a two per cent. rake-off."



Dorothy Drain

WRITING in his parish magazine, Archdeacon V. E. Twigg, of Griffith, N.S.W., criticises the custom of having photographs taken between the wedding and the reception, which often means a long wait for guests.

Curiously, a great-aunt I know (never mind whose) was complaining of the same thing only the other day.

"I like weddings," she said, "especially the champagne. I don't grudge the presents, as I got rather a good haul at my own wedding and have been giving them away ever since. But I do dislike being kept

waiting at the reception for the arrival of the bride and bridegroom, and cannot see why the photographs should not be taken on some other day.

"When I was married, I had our wedding pictures taken after we returned from the honeymoon. Mortimer (her husband) didn't like it very much, but I insisted."

I asked the same old lady to comment on another point made by Archdeacon Twigg—that the bridegroom was not important in a wedding photograph, and that the only picture worth having was of the bride.

"No," she said. "I don't agree. For family circulation a picture of the bride is quite enough, but in Press photographs for instance I always like to see the bridegroom. The chief female interest in wedding pictures of acquaintances is to see what sort of a fish the girl has landed."

RESIDENTS of Cronulla, N.S.W., are seeking an injunction to restrain an amusement park from creating a nuisance with noise. The defendants have promised, among other things, "not to use amplified announcements or amplified shouting from or near the merry-go-round, the whistle of which will only emit a short 'peep'."

The merry-go-round is brave and glib, and wheezes a tune as it rolls,

"The Skaters' Waltz" and "Over the Water," round and round it bowls,

The children, ecstatic, scream with delight, as the horses slide and leap,

Oh, it's hard indeed for a merry-go-round to emit a short, sharp peep.

A merry-go-round which I happened to meet was disconsolate at the news,

"I do what I'm told," it sadly said, "I can't very well refuse,

"But I'm never so happy, if truth be told, as when I'm making a noise,

"And that, I aver, is part of the charm which I have for the girls and boys."

Around and around the music goes, and the children, with flying hair,

Are caught in the web of enchantment, as they ride, so young and fair,

And the merry-go-round, when it pauses, says, "Adults, I know, must sleep,

"But couldn't I, when I get steamed up, just say for a change, 'Peep-Peep'?"



The Millionth Man

By FRANCES MALM

IT is a hard road to recovery for JANICE BARTON after the nightmare of her husband's embezzlement and reported death in a plane crash. Just as she eventually comes to trust and love STEPHEN HEMPERLEY, she receives a letter from the supposedly dead PAUL, telling her to come to him in Paris, where he is living under the name of Charles Brown.

She leaves next day without telling Stephen what has happened, but at the address Paul had given she meets only a girl who tells her that "Charles Brown" had to leave unexpectedly but will later send his address.

Janice also sees there a newspaper photograph, apparently of Paul, with a caption stating that "Charles Brown" was the millionth man to enter a well-known city antique shop.

Soon after she returns to her hotel, Stephen arrives, but promises not to interfere between her and Paul for three days. As he leaves, the telephone is ringing in her room. NOW READ ON:

JAN recognised the voice as soon as the girl spoke. "Mrs. Barton? This is Denise Roche, to whom you talked yesterday. Now I have heard from Charles. He is at the Hotel Majestic in Cannes. You will go to him to-day? He is very anxious."

"Yes. To-day. As—as soon as—" There is a plane which leaves Le Bourget field at 12.35 this afternoon. If you go by hired car you can reach the field in good time. The plane flies to Nice, and then one travels by road to Cannes. It is a very short journey."

"All right. I'll try to get a reservation on that flight. He—said nothing else."

"Yes. Mrs. Barton"—the girl laughed slightly, as if she were amused or, possibly, embarrassed—"Charles asked that you do not call him when you reach the hotel. He asked that you sit in the lobby and he would come down."

"I see. Very well. That's all?" "That is all. Except—give him my love," said the girl with sudden outrageous candor. "For my Charles, he makes so large a total in my life . . ."

Jan replaced the phone and then sank back against the bed, her arm across her quivering lips.

"I'm sorry, Stephen. I'm sorry—oh, I'm sorry . . ." she whispered, and wanted to go out the door and see if he still might be waiting for the elevator, and run down the corridor and say something more to him. But presently she composed her thoughts and got up and once more packed . . .

The plane to Nice was rather crowded. Jan sat down in a double seat but soon found the one next to her occupied. A thin slight middle-aged man, well-dressed and carrying an apparently well-stocked

wicker hamper, had installed himself there, first consigning his raglan tweed coat and his felt hat to the steward with an amiable but dictatorial barrage of French.

As Jan glanced up, he shrugged, his small deep-set, gloomy brown eyes momentarily smiling. "Il a de bonnes intentions, mais . . ." Then, noticing her expression, "Assurement vous etes francaise. Well imagine that! Two foreigners sitting side by side in this Gallic wilderness!"

The engines were being started. In the sputter and swell of noise Jan smiled and resumed looking out of the window.

The callow young steward moved up the aisle, checking on seat belts. After a few minutes the plane was taxiing across the field, revving its engines for the final time; roaring into a take-off. Suddenly the land and the edges of the city were below, softened to the vision already by a thin, cold haze.

Almost at once the stewardess was bringing out the trays of lunch. The man sitting next to Jan waved his away and opened up the hamper at his feet, taking out a large, snowy napkin to spread over his knees, then an insulated container of still-warm chicken sandwiches and a vacuum bottle of steaming coffee from which he filled a thin china cup.

"When one has ridden these European planes a few times, with their stone-cold lunches," he said to Jan with rueful scorn, "one learns to take precautionary measures—that is, if one has the time, the energy and the wherewithal. Fortunately, I have. I always treat myself well."

He sounded smug and boastful. Yet when he added, smiling, "Now, you're going to have a sandwich and a cup of coffee with me, aren't you, so I won't feel ashamed of my self-indulgence," there was a humility in

"You'll do as I say, or out you go," he said, grasping Jan's arm as the chair swung into space on its downward trip.

his manner that was charming and likeable.

Jan, already putting her fork into the pickled beets on her dish of hors d'oeuvres, shook her head. "Thank you, but this is going to be more than enough. And it's interesting to me, because I've never done it before."

He didn't insist. "Well, at least a cup of coffee then? Don't think I haven't enough for two. And an extra cup and saucer to boot."

"May I wait till a little later to decide?"

"By all means. But I hope you will." With which he picked up a sandwich and began to eat, devoting his attention to the job, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

Jan wasn't in a mood for conversation. The thought of all that had happened this morning and of the grave and difficult job ahead of her weighed on her mind and made her long to be by herself. Yet, a little later, when the man beside her held up his vacuum bottle inquiringly, it seemed ungracious not to accept his offer.

"But are you quite sure you have enough?" she asked.

"Goodness, yes. It's a short ride to Cannes."

He got out another cup and saucer like his own, another silver coffee spoon. She couldn't help smiling at the extent of his supplies.

Seeing her smile, he said as he poured from the vacuum bottle, "You're amused at me, aren't you? This seems a little fussy and over-attentive to superficial details. Right? But—it's all a part of my philosophy!"

"And what is your philosophy?" she asked him. She felt she owed him that much at least for the cup of coffee.

He declared pompously, yet with an overtone of emotionality, "To take my money, of which I have an adequate amount, and put it into making each day as satisfying to the smallest detail as possible. To try, each day, to make up for moments lost—and for moments that may never come."

Jan looked at him with puzzled sympathy.

"Oh, assuredly that sets you to wondering, doesn't it?" he said. "Moments lost . . . But, you see, something tragic happened to me two years ago. My wife—"

He hesitated, then went on, "But why shouldn't I speak quite honestly about it—now when it's so long ago? You see, she was a very lovely woman, much younger than I, and I suppose it was inevitable that she should fall in love with someone else. But I didn't know—didn't even suspect—not until it was over. Not until he'd ended their affair and driven her to suicide. My poor, poor darling."

Jan said gently, "I understand now what you mean by your lost moments."

"Yes, do you see? The shock was so great that I had to spend months, long months, convalescing . . . As to the moments that may never come—Well, the future is uncertain for any of us, isn't it? How can we be sure how many moments any one of us has left?"

"We can't be sure at all," Jan agreed. "But isn't it wiser never to think of that?"

"True, true!" said the man. "But

an easier thing to say than to practice—when one is no longer young. My poor old mind will keep dwelling on the uncertainties of existence. Forgive. I suppose I have told a hundred strangers of my old unhappiness. Perhaps I travel just to find new ears to listen . . ."

Jan waited for him to go on, but he became quiet. He fell into thought, absently replacing his lunch dishes in the hamper and refolding the napkin. Jan drank her coffee, resuming her own troubled preoccupations, hopeful that she need not be called on for conversation any more.

Yet after a silence, withdrawing her gaze from the window, she found him turned to her again. He was much changed in mood. His deep-sunk brown eyes were quizzically smiling.

"You know," he said, "I have a confession to make. It wasn't by accident that I chose this seat in the plane."

"It wasn't?" she said politely. She handed him her cup and saucer. He took time to find the proper niche for them in the hamper, then straightened up again. "No, it wasn't an accident. I did some play-acting to begin with, but all the time I knew who you were."

"But—that's impossible." "Nothing's impossible if one spends enough money. Shall I tell you about yourself? Your name is Janice Barton, and you're going to Cannes to see your husband, who is staying at the Majestic Hotel. Your husband has reason to live rather cautiously because some time ago he stole a large sum of money. Assuredly you find it surprising that I know all this—don't you?"

For a moment, Jan was lost and



CONCLUDING OUR INTRIGUING TWO-PART SERIAL

uncertain, not knowing whether to feign complete ignorance. But if this strange man knew, he knew.

"Who are you?" she asked finally.

"Oh . . . just a bystander, let's say. One who believes in paying his debts. Who believes, simply, in justice."

"You're going to give him away?"

He looked confounded.

"Away?"

"To the police?"

His face cleared. "Oh, what a foolish question, young lady."

Assuredly I am not interested in that kind of justice. What is the stealing of a little money? Nothing at all compared with the large intangibles."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jan.

"You don't? But you, of all people, should. You love your husband deeply, or you would never have come so far to see him. And I—Oh, I shall love him too. That's all part of the large intangibles. Love. The concerns of the heart and the spirit."

Jan said nothing for a moment. Something had just occurred to her. It was the way this man habitually used the word "assuredly," the same word Paul had used in his letter. Did they know each other? Was he a friend so close that Paul had dared to confide in him?

Or—if not that—had Paul been in some public place where he would often hear this man speaking? Paul had never used that word in conversation. It was completely unlike him. Could he have unconsciously picked it up from this man?

And if that was so, how much else was possible, believable?

She looked around at him, trying to evaluate what was in his face. "You're a friend of my husband, aren't you?"

He thought about it, then answered, "Rather, he is my friend."

"But you do know each other well?"

"Why should you think that?"

"But you must. You couldn't know those things about Paul if he hadn't told you. And you must know the girl, Miss Roche, I mean."

"Denise?" He glanced at her quickly. He looked disturbed and slightly annoyed. "Denise is dirt, to be hired and paid. Forgive me, I shouldn't have said that. But treachery of all kinds is revolting to me—and in a sense she betrayed him."

"But—but she's in love with him," said Jan hesitantly.

"Perhaps she has made him believe that. But she is in love only with money."

"Money? Was that what Denise meant over the telephone with laughter lurking in her voice?"

" . . . he makes so large a total in my life . . . So large a sum? A sum of money? No love between them, then, no flirtation across the courtyard. She was just a hired spy. Paid by the man who knew so much . . ."

"You—hired her?" said Jan, turning to him.

"I hired her, and I have paid her. I pay my debts, as I said."

"But—"

"See here," he interrupted crossly. "I don't like these questions, and I haven't the slightest intention of answering them. Of course, I should never have mentioned anything. It was simply an impulse that I gave in to after I started talking to you . . . Let's forget this thing I foolishly started. Look outside, will you? Are there mountains over there in the distance already?"

But she didn't look. She stared into his face ponderingly. The man turned then pointedly, summoning the stewardess, and asked her arrogantly to bring him something to read.

In mid-afternoon the plane coasted down towards the earth from the mountains, made a wide swing out over the Mediterranean, and returned to land on a runway beside the blue water.

Jan gathered her belongings together slowly, giving her seat companion a head start down the aisle. When she stepped from the ramp a few minutes later, she saw him ahead of her, walking towards the gates where clusters of people were waiting.

She had thought they might make the rest of the journey separately. But since they were the only two passengers going on to Cannes, she presently found herself being conducted to the same airline-hired automobile which he was already occupying.

As she approached, he gave her a swift probing glance, then shrugged slightly and leaned back to gaze pensively out of the window as the car started down the street.

It was warm outside, the tropical trees were dark and heavy with foliage, there were glimpses of flowers beyond fences and hedges. Once she glimpsed a black-robed priest walking at the edge of the road, a heret almost rakishly tilted on his head. How curious, how unexpected, she thought, and half-smiled, lost momentarily in the novelty of her surroundings.

The nun began talking again. His mood had changed once more to gloom.

"It's lovely country, isn't it?" he said. "My wife and I came here on our honeymoon. Afterwards she used to say, 'Oh, let's go back to southern France, Tommy, and stay there. I want to find the self that I left there, my nice self that I haven't seen for so long.' But I was stupid. I didn't know what was going on, or how terribly unhappy she really was . . ."

Jan turned and looked at him. He was slumped down in the seat, his legs crossed.

"Why do I talk about it?" he said. "It has nothing to do with you. A sympathetic face, and then I start talking. You should look stern. You should stop me . . ."

They were riding now through the country. The sun was setting lower, and there were long shadows stretching out from every clump of trees and wayside buildings.

After quite a while, as they passed along a curve of the road beside which wooded hills mounted steeply, he turned again and spoke to her. He was sitting up straight now, and he looked edgy, impatient for the end of the ride.

"We're almost there," he said. "It's a bit upsetting. I must find Paul Barton at the Hotel Majestic in Cannes."

"But why?" she asked.

He glanced at her, then said in an entirely direct and serious manner, "I think he may be one who has done me a great service."

"Paul? Then you've never met him?"

"A man," he answered, "may do a great deed without being aware of it. A man named Paul Barton, with a wife Janice Barton, did such a thing for me, without knowing it, and so save me"—he paused, almost with an effect of quizzical wonderment—"my future. And I shall reward him."

He smiled at her benevolently. "That pleases you?"

In her bewilderment she didn't think to answer at once. Then, as he waited expectantly for her answer, she nodded. In spite of everything, she found herself liking him. He was warped, perhaps, twisted by a tragedy, but it had not shrunk him into littleness and meanness.

What kind of service, she wondered, was he talking about? Had someone, identified

afterwards as Paul Barton, really saved his life, perhaps in some commonplace traffic tangle, pulling him out of the way of a car, or by offering aid in an illness—or perhaps, she thought, by being merely a warning, an omen?

Oh, Paul, she thought suddenly, I came to find you, and already you've gathered such queer tangles around yourself.

The hotel was set back from the long palm-shadowed Croisette, with its own garden in front of it and its windows and balconies looking out to the park and the sea. Jan registered and was shown to a large room facing the Mediterranean which, far out, still caught the last slanting rays of the sun—wide waters, peacefully shimmering.

There was a vast quiet about her, footsteps muffled in the carpeted halls, double doors shutting out the sounds of passing voices. The big bed, soft with pillows under its white lace-trimmed counterpane, seemed friendly and capable of sympathy and solace. But she had not leisure to be friends with this room. Somewhere in this building, perhaps nearer than she dreamed, Paul was sitting in a room—and waiting.

When she returned to the lobby it was that dull in-between hour of the early evening, too soon for dinner, too late for tea, and there were few people around. Two women

sat with a low table between them, smoking and looking bored; a red-faced old man with a low cushioned divan to himself was having a highball and reading a magazine; another man, thin and frail, was working on a letter at one of the writing tables.

Jan saw her plane acquaintance peering into a showcase, several of which were placed at intervals on either side of the long room. He was smoking a cigarette in a silver holder and looked like an ordinary man killing time while he waited for someone.

Jan pulled a lounge chair around and sat down facing the stairway and elevator.

"Sit in the lobby and wait for him," the girl had said. She had not specified a definite time. "Don't get in touch with him," the girl had instructed. But who had instructed the girl? Paul, or the man on the plane?

Yet what did it really matter, she asked herself. When she had found Paul, she could leave instructions behind.

The concierge's desk was in her line of vision. People stopped there from time to time, calls were put through, mail passed out, keys accepted or given. A slender well-dressed woman with a miniature grey dot on a leish came in through the revolving doors, paused at the concierge's desk for her key, drifted across to the reception desk for several moments of dallying conversation.

Once a man came down the



stairs and, before she had quite looked at him thoroughly, Jan felt herself lurch to attention. But it was only his walk and his build that were like Paul. He was blond, wavy-haired, his nose thin, his face rather effeminate in its handsomeness.

He sauntered out towards the desks, stood glancing about the lobby for a moment, gazed briefly and blankly at her, then turned and went back up the curving carpeted stairs.

"Mrs. Barton, didn't you know him?"

Jan jerked her head up nervously.

The man of the plane was there, sitting on the arm of a chair beside her, still smoking a cigarette in the silver holder. His eyes were sharply searching and at the same time unhappy. His forehead shone inconspicuously with perspiration.

"Wasn't that Paul Barton?"

Her heart started to pound. Something that had to do with her first mistaken recognition only moments before made her understand instantaneously whom he was talking about.

"Was—that?"

"Wasn't it?" he said, and strangely his lips were trembling.

She stared towards the staircase, as if hoping for another case, then, aware of her action—and the impossible doubt which it implied—and at the same time feeling the bitter letdown that this moment, after days of expectancy, could bring—she said, "No, it wasn't Paul. Then it never has been. Someone else—someone pretending—"

"Are you sure?" he urged, his mouth trembling and unhappy. "Are you sure?"

She pulled her look back to him. "Could he have changed his face? Plastic surgery? Something like that?"

"Of course he could have!" he said eagerly.

"But could it change him that much? The whole look of his face—his nose—his hair—"

"She stopped."

"It couldn't be Paul. I haven't changed. He looked directly at me, and didn't know me, and turned away. It couldn't be he, unless he's lost his memory. But he wrote me. He couldn't have written to me if that had happened."

The man leaned towards her. "Why don't you go up to his room?" he suggested. "It's best. It's wisest. Go up there and talk to him."

"I don't know his room."

"I'll find it out for you at the desk."

"No, no—don't. He didn't want—"

He specially asked—"

She bowed her head and put her hand up to her forehead suddenly. She couldn't think. Nothing went together.

Was Paul dead and this blond man an impostor? But he had written her. He had asked her to come to him. An impostor wouldn't want her to do that. And who had instructed Denise? Not Paul. And not this blond stranger who had walked out into the middle of the room, and looked at her, and not known her. Or had he known her, and, knowing her, turned his back?

"Go up and talk to him," the man urged, almost pleadingly. "You'd be sure to reach it afterwards if you didn't. Perhaps he's just ashamed to face you."

She lifted her head suddenly and drew a deep breath.

"I think you've made some kind of mistake," she said firmly. "That man had no connection with Paul. It's only that I haven't waited long enough. My husband will come."

But he shook his head slowly and positively.

"That is the only Paul Barton who will come. If that is not he, then there is no Paul Barton. Paul Barton, then, does not exist."

"But he wrote me. Paul wrote me."

"Let me call him for you," he urged patiently. "Let me telephone him and say you wish to speak to him. I shall ask him to go to your room."

She started to her feet. "No," she protested feverishly, and saw him getting up with a purposeful gleam in his eyes and crossing the room.

"Wait then—" she said, starting to follow him, reluctant to lose her only guide through this terrifying confusion of clashing facts and doubt and suspicion.

Then she saw clearly the alternatives: Paul facing her coldly, saying, "I don't know you," or else a stranger facing her, malignant, curious, purposeful. Whichever the blond man was, she wasn't prepared to face him now. She swerved towards the door.

Outside it was growing dark. The marquee lights of the hotel were lit, and the air was turning cold. She crossed the street to the park, walking blindly, aimlessly.

She followed the broad promenade above the beach, sat down on a green bench and clasped her cold hands together. Was it Paul who had come down those stairs at the hotel? Was it, could it have possibly been Paul?

Her thoughts came slowly to order. A man with blond hair had walked into the lobby, and for an instant she had thought he was Paul. Perhaps he was Paul; perhaps he wasn't—how could she be sure without looking at him carefully, without talking to him? But if he was Paul, he hadn't wanted to see her . . . and he had never written her that letter.

Then who had written it?

But was there any doubt? No, not any longer, not now. The man on the plane had written it, and Denise, his hireling, had helped him. He had wanted to find Paul, and this had been his way. Because only Paul's wife could identify a Paul who had possibly changed his face.

If it was Paul . . .

That was what she didn't know, what she couldn't be sure of. And it was not being sure that kept her out here in the darkness, hesitant, afraid. Dreading to try to explain herself to an unknown man; quite possibly a crook of some sort, with Paul's personal papers somehow in his possession.

But she would have to do it, sooner or later. It was the only possible way. Slowly she rose and retraced her steps to the hotel . . . entered the lobby . . .

The concierge was very gracious, very obliging. But after all, there was not much he could do. "Yes, Madame, Mr. Brown checked out about fifteen minutes ago . . . No, Madame, by taxi, but not to the station, I believe . . . No, Madame, he left no forwarding address."

Jan thanked him and turned away from the desk. The man was still there where she had left him, sitting in the chair which she had abandoned. When she walked over and sat down in the other chair, he looked up without surprise and gave her a wintry and despondent smile.

"He's gone," she said. She put out her hand in a gesture of quiet appeal, and even as she did so she thought, Why am I confiding in him like this, why am I trusting him?

She tried to remember that he was a stranger, his friendship unproven. But it was hard right now to remember those things. There was no one else who could help.

"Yes, he's gone," he agreed, and added accusingly, "You should have done as I advised you and hurried to see him right away."

"I know that now. But I—"

She had to think. Everything was so mixed up for me. Denise Roche had told me not to telephone him and not to go to his room, and I still was thinking

Women in boxing game

AT least two women have proved that managing professional boxers is not exclusively for males.

One of the women, Australian Eileen Newton, managed former featherweight champion Joe Hall.

She no longer has an active part in boxing, but is still an authority on the sport.

Eileen Newton's American counterpart is Lena Levinsky, whose clever management got her brother, "Kingfish" Levinsky, an indifferently boxer, a world championship match with Joe Louis.

The story of her exciting career as manager of brother "Kingfish" is told in the December issue of A.M.

he had written the letter. I know now, of course, that he didn't. That you were the one who wrote the letter and had Denise give me that message—and that you had him called down to the lobby to-night."

He looked at her coldly. "What if I did do these things?"

"But why did you?"

"I told you once. Because I may owe Paul Barton my life."

If you knew everything, you'd thank me for what I'm doing, for the trouble I've gone to, the money I've spent. I'm a fool, I suppose. Not many people in the world would put a debt to a stranger ahead of their own easy comfort. I should have given you up to-night—just dropped you out of my mind."

"You still know where he is?"

"Yes. That is, I will know. I have two good men trailing him—have had, ever since he left Paris. I should know in the morning." He gave her a long, level, slightly weary look.

"Do you want to see him again? Why should you think he's out your husband?"

"Because his face was so different. But there were all the other things, too—that if he hadn't written the letter, there was no reason to think he was still alive. His plane was destroyed. There were no survivors. And he had never been heard from afterwards."

"Well, why should he want to be heard from? If I had stolen money and been lucky enough to get myself thought of as dead, I would take care not to be heard from."

"Please," she urged him, "you know things about him. Why don't you tell me?"

"What things should I know?" he demanded ironically. "A man goes under a name like Charles Brown, has a passport reading Charles Brown, but carries the wallet of Paul Barton—containing driver's licence, social security card, snapshots, such things. And also carries on his person newspaper clippings about the embezzlement and the plane crash."

"Denise Roche told you that?"

He shrugged. "All right. Yes. Denise. I hired her to move into that apartment house, get acquainted with the low, and find out everything she could. She did very well."

"But doesn't it occur to you that those papers could have been stolen from my husband?" Jan asked him levelly. "Someone could be keeping them for purposes of his own."

"That, as a matter of fact, said the man, 'is what he told Denise. That is, that they had been given to him for safe-keeping by a friend who had had been killed in a plane accident."

"And wasn't that logical?"

The Millionth Man

ough for her? Why should he have tried to bring my husband into it?"

"Because she didn't feel quite sure that the man was not Paul Barton. After all, he would say some things even if he were."

"Not," said Jan, "if you consider him you weren't trying to make trouble for him. Why didn't you simply tell him—"

"That if he were Paul Barton I wished to give him a reward for a service he had done?"

The man smiled wryly. "Could I be sure of the truth that way? Suppose he weren't Paul Barton after all? Oh, and that isn't all. There's so much you don't understand."

"Well, why couldn't you have written to me then?" said Jan with rising bitterness.

"Why did you have to make it sound as if my husband were writing? Why were you afraid to sign your own name to it?"

He looked startled. "Afraid?" Then he acknowledged, "Yes, I presume I was afraid of certain things. For instance, that my unconventional approach might offend you."

"I believe you," Jan said in a subdued voice. "I don't know why I should when you keep so much back. But I do somehow believe you. I want to see him again. I've got to talk to him—wherever he is. Whether he's Paul—or whether he's not Paul. Will you help me to?"

"Will you do it my way this time?"

"Yes," she promised.

That night Jan sent a telegram to Stephen Hemperley, in Paris—to tell him where she was, as she had promised. She sat for a long time with pencil in hand, saying things across the distance to him that she didn't put down. In the end she only told him briefly that she hadn't yet got in touch with Paul, but hoped to do so the following day.

She flew to Geneva the next morning. Once again the man sat beside her, but this time there was very little conversation between them. During most of the ride he sat reading a paper-bound novel, ignoring her completely.

At the Geneva airport a telegram was delivered to him, apparently from one of his men. He read it in silence and showed it into his pocket with an air of satisfaction. Then they were riding into town to the railroad station.

Jan looked out of the window and tried to occupy herself with the thought that suddenly she was in this fabulous Swiss city, but it was not a very convincing thought.

As they got out at the station she said, "Would it be

all right to tell me where we're going?"

But the man looked annoyed and answered testily, "Suppose we wait till we get there."

He went to buy tickets, and returned. Within a few minutes they were boarding a neat, clear-windowed Swiss train. A man in a scarlet cap, standing outside on the platform, raised a staff. Quietly, without fanfare, the train got into motion, and soon was travelling fast.

Some hours later they got out at a small station and changed to a diminutive red train. The granite slopes of mountains rose on all sides here, visible up to their snow-covered peaks. The little train mounted slowly through the valley, winding, turning, creeping along mere rims and edges, climbing higher and higher through the pines and snow.

Late in the afternoon it came to a stop in a mountain village, and Jan and the man got out.

The air had a damp, frosty smell, and the ground beyond the station platform was crunchy with hard-packed snow.

Several brightly painted sleighs were lined up beside the station, each lettered with the name of a different hotel, each with its uniformed driver and attendant. The breaths of the big blanketed horses were white in the after-sunset air.

As they rode up the narrow street towards the hotel, the man kept looking about watchfully, but there were few people around. An unfamiliar figure in ski clothes here and there; a bare-headed Swiss girl trudging homeward; a couple of small boys with sleds.

"You know where he's staying?" Jan asked once.

The man didn't answer, but a little later, as they stood in the firelit lobby of the hotel, he said sternly, "Yes, certainly I know where he's staying. Not here; be assured of that. Suppose you order dinner up in your room to-night, and then go to bed, or at least keep out of sight. In the morning I'll tell you how you can reach him."

Alone in a hotel bedroom once again, she dropped down on a chair by the writing-table without even bothering to take off her coat, and sat staring dejectedly at its marred surface. Never in her life had she felt so utterly lonely.

She opened the drawer and got out paper to write her second telegram to Stephen Hemperley. She couldn't help remembering that when she had promised him, "I'll tell you where I am—every day, wherever I happen to be," she had regarded it only as a desperate concession. Now, she was only glad to be able to reach him even imperiously across the dark and lonely spaces that separated them.

She printed out the words, "Letter never written by Paul," but a moment later made slow resolute strokes through the line. No, there must be nothing to suggest complications, nothing to make him think she had encountered difficulties she couldn't handle.

"Arrived here to-day," she wrote. "Will meet Charles Brown to-morrow morning."

Yet when the telegram had gone, messages went on shaping themselves in her head—better messages, truer ones. I need you, Stephen, come and just be here, with your tough, resourceful mind and your courage and your certainty, to help me if I need help.

No, don't come, but think of me, keep me safe with your thoughts.

Because suddenly, now, to-night, I'm beginning to be afraid.

Jan woke in the morning to dim cold light. Outside her window the sky was clear. Beyond the snow-covered village roofs, beyond the plain dark

steeples of the church, she saw the sun already shining against the high gable face of a towering, immense, yet faraway mountain.

She was just finishing her dressing when the frock-coated young concierge knocked on the door and delivered a message. It was from the man of the plane. "Will you meet me downstairs at 10 o'clock? Come with your outdoor clothes on. I'll be waiting in the lobby."

Promptly at the specified time, Jan came down the stairs from her room.

He was sitting in a chair by the big stone fireplace waiting for her. Meticulously he stood up to greet her, then crossed over to the settee on the other side of the fireplace, motioning her to sit down beside him.

He said, "He's registered at the Schouffhoff, which is a hotel about a block up the street. It's set back from the street, with a drive running in. There are some big trees in the yard with red berries that have fallen and squashed in the snow. You'll know it easily when you see it. He ordered breakfast up to his room about a half-hour ago, so you should find him there now if you don't waste time."

She hesitated. "Where will you be?"

He smiled thinly. "I'll be here. It's as good a place as any to be. I wouldn't try a second time to witness the meeting between husband and wife."

"I hope it is that," she said soberly.

To her surprise he leaned forward and put his square, veined hand on her coat-sleeve. "I hope so too, of course. How very much I hope it. Good luck," he said with an embarrassed brightness in those deep-set eyes. "I'm going to sit here and . . . be humble in the eye of God. If that will just help."

She got up and left him.

OUTSIDE, skiers were streaming down the narrow street with their skis over their shoulders, bound for the cog-wheeled train that would take them up to the snowfields. Their voices were loud and cheerful in the hoary morning air. Jan came down the hotel steps and turned up the street in the opposite direction.

It was a short walk. When she saw, ahead of her, the opening into the hotel yard and the big trees with their messy crushed berries, she paused, out of breath with nervous anxiety. She longed just to be one of these people with skis on their shoulders and simple plans for a day of fun in the mountains.

But she pulled herself together, walked on, and turned the corner. And abruptly, hardly believing it could be possible, she saw him.

He was going along a path that led towards the rear of the hotel.

She started to run after him. She almost called out, "Paul—Paul! Wait a minute!" to see if he wouldn't turn around. For once again her first glimpse had been one of electrified recognition.

Beyond the hotel he took a lane that slanted off through rows of weathered little houses and stables set up on piles. Jan slowed to a walk, keeping a cautious distance behind him. He mustn't see her yet and know he was being followed. Farther on, when the path became more open, she would have a better chance to overtake him.

He didn't look back. He walked with his hands in the pockets of his dark blue overcoat, his hat tilted in the way Paul used to wear a hat, and he seemed to be enjoying the crisp cold of the morning.

Presently there was an intersection, and he turned right on to another path, one of many

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Raging possibly for having monetary obligations for a milk coat (7).
- Visit frequently a French in head-covering (3).
- A blind man can read it (7).
- Once a priestless, today a match (5).
- I rent a net (anagram) (9).
- It has no canine teeth yet it can gnaw (6).
- Shifting tea in a small room (6).
- Fried yet I turned into stone (9).
- No Edward is famous (5).
- O.K. for a will (7).
- Surpass (5).
- Essential though this cuts for many a breakfast with hasty beginning (7).

Solution will be published next week.

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DOWN
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9. No Edward is famous (5).
10. O.K. for a will (7).
11. Surpass (5).
12. Essential though this cuts for many a breakfast with hasty beginning (7).

Solution to last week's crossword.

- Trivial lie about character (5).
- Respond to stimulus concerning part of a play (3).
- The French in a Spanish river is an unctuous person (5).
- The Queen of this place visited Solomon with great pomp (5).
- Swindle a printer's measure for this part (5).
- Overturned (5).
- Go on foot, though it takes the public vehicle for a start (5).
- Denied from both sides yet it is midway (4).
- French dream turns always (4).
- Books have it so do noble men (3).
- Bring on oneself in a worthless dog (5).
- Ten is ever for a swell (4).
- Foot provide great entertainment (4).
- Protect a receiver (3).
- Six (inter) I see a caper (5).
- Essential part of a piano and a bicycle (9).
- Candle grew less (5).
- In these holy pictures sin is mixed with a small company (5).
- Likeness found in interim agenda (5).
- Adorn a lady's gown (5).

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that walkers took for easy strolls within sight of the village. Mounding gently past scattered hillside chalets, it had no sharp turns or undulations to get in the way of the vision.

She could catch up with him now, force him to look at her, to talk to her. He could no longer find an easy escape.

Suddenly, on the path beyond him, a sled carrying a woman and a child slid into sight. He stepped aside to let them by, paused to watch them as they continued downwards, and must have noticed Jan. When he started on again, he was walking noticeably faster.

Jan began to run.

It must have looked quite normal to the casual observer: a girl running to overtake a friend who, all absorbed in the beautiful morning and the splendid Swiss scenery, didn't know she was behind him. For, even with his hurrying stride, he was preserving the illusion of not hurrying from anything in particular.

A little farther on the path forked. Instead of continuing up the side of the valley, he chose a lower path, leading direct to a large timber building painted on the wall. The clanging noise of machinery came from within, while double chairs emerged on cables from the farther end and moved, empty and swaying in space, up the timber-covered mountain.

Straight into the building went the hurrying man as if, all along, this had been the object of his excursion. Perhaps it had. When Jan followed him inside the door, into the racket of whirling wheels and grinding cables, she found him stopped in a narrow passageway, passing money through a ticket window.

He turned around without haste to face her and said in such a familiar voice, looking at her with familiar eyes, and smiling, disgruntled, bitter, "Did you want to speak to me, madam?"

She clenched her hands in her pockets and gazed up at him, clinging to the fact of his voice and his eyes, because that was all there was left, and it was almost not enough. For a moment she lost him completely. He was a man with blond wavy hair, a thin-chiselled nose, and an effeminate handsomeness.

He was someone she didn't know and had never known. For a moment . . .

Then her hands came out of her pockets. In one she clutched her coin purse. With strangely steady fingers, she extracted a coin, and put it through the wicket.

Paul turned and went on down the passageway into the

section of the building that contained the machinery. She followed firmly behind.

The two joined chairs came sliding around. A burly man in work clothes took the tickets, saw them seated, and put down the protective crossbars. In a moment they were sliding forward, like objects on an assembly line—till all at once they swung through the open end of the barn out into the snow light and were riding steeply upwards on cables with space spinning wide between them and the ground.

Paul sat back, and stared into mid-air with a cynical smile. "My luck is bad, as usual, don't you think?"

"Your luck had, Paul? How can you say that? You weren't in the plane that went down. Isn't that luck enough to last you forever? You're alive when you might have been dead."

He shook his head and gave her a look. "No, you're wrong. I'm not alive. This good-looking golden haired lad isn't Paul Barton. It's Charles Brown. Want to see my passport?" He took the trouble to get it out of his pocket.

"Of course the picture isn't too good, but you see my nice wavy hair and those handsome features? No, no, hands off. I hold the passport. Got to be careful with such things. What if you were to drop it, way down below us among the trees, and drop Mr. Charles Brown right out of my life?"

"You bought it?" Jan faltered.

"Why should I buy it when I had a perfectly good one of my own to trade?"

"You traded with somebody?"

"Certainly. That is, he was somebody once. Not any more. Why do you keep looking away from me?"

She said, staring down at her gloved hands, "I can't—make you real when I look at you. You keep slipping away, and a stranger takes your place. There's hardly anything left of you that I remember."

"Remarkable, isn't it?" he said with a smile. "I had it planned a long time, you know. I would go to Paris, get my face changed, and buy myself a new identity. But it worked out even better when the time came. I ran into an American in Paris. Down and out, morally and physically. He was broke and he wanted to get to China, some deal or other—he wanted a loan. Well, he didn't hook me for a loan, but I paid his passage—in exchange for a trade of passports. I got my money's worth all right!"

"Yes," said Jan softly. "You got your money's worth. The plane crashed."

"Yes. The only break I ever got . . . Tell me something. You got a letter, didn't you?"

"Yes. And it was signed with your name, Paul. I naturally thought it was from you."

"Yes, I guessed that was it when I got your cable. That girl! I'd like to catch her in a dark alley and wring her neck. She wrote you that letter. She even gave me a pretty strong hint she was going to."

"You obviously aren't in love with her, are you?"

"I should say not!" he told her, then added with guilty reluctance, "Oh, maybe I fell for her a little at first; she's good-looking. But after a while she started getting possessive and inquisitive, and I ditched her fast. That was when she probably pulled the stunt of the letter."

"But how could she have known about me? You were just Charles Brown to her, weren't you?"

"Color came up into his face. 'Well, I made a blunder one night. We were drinking in my apartment, and I passed out. Just passed out, I don't know how. When I woke up, she was sitting there with my passport and my wallet in her hands, asking to her cute amused way if I was two people instead of one.'"

"You see, I carried my old wallet around with me in the same pocket as my passport. In it were clippings from the papers about the—money business and the plane crash. What it amounted to was that I had two sets of identification on me—one for Charles Brown, one for Paul Barton."

He added, "You have a peculiar feeling when you change your appearance as I've done. You think you'd better not destroy all the evidence."

And this is the other side of it, thought Jan. Only two nights ago she had sat listening to this story from a man she didn't know. The facts fitted together exactly.

"And she wouldn't quite believe you," said Jan, "when you said you weren't Paul Barton?"

"No, she wouldn't. I told her a logical enough story. I said the wallet belonged to a friend of mine who had later been killed. But she still looked at me out of the corner of her eyes in a kidding, wise way. She said, 'I suppose the only sure way to find out would be to write to Mrs. Paul Barton. She'd know.' But I didn't think she really meant it."

Jan gripped the crossbar as

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the chairs chattered and shuddered momentarily on their trolleys, then she turned to him.

"Listen, Paul," she said steadily. "Denise didn't just happen to get acquainted with you. She was hired to find out if you were really Paul Barton. She doubtless put something in that drink that made you pass out. And she didn't write that letter—that is, she only did the typing."

She went on, then, and told him all about it, and all about the man . . .

She said that queer made-over face after the mouth grow lax with shock. She hadn't expected a reaction like that. What she had expected, she didn't know—but not this look of fright, of panic.

He looked around him. They were over the top of the mountain now, travelling above a rocky incline towards a higher peak.

He said, "This man is down in the village now?"

"Yes. But—"

"Waiting for you to come back and tell him I'm Paul Barton. Jan, you fool, you don't know what the time of day is, do you? He's so kind, full of high-minded ideas of doing good to a stranger . . . Jan, you've been used, and you haven't the sense to know it. That man is a policeman, and you're over here to put the finger on me."

Jan shook her head. "No—no. You're wrong. He's as far from being a policeman as anyone could be."

"You mean he doesn't wear a blue suit with brass buttons and talk out of the side of his mouth like a movie cop? The police don't do it that way, you little fool. They're not stupid. So now I know what a slap-happy dunce I've been all this time, thinking it was something so simple as just a girl having a little mean revenge on me. A spy, instead, working for the police."

"I don't believe it," Jan whispered. She tried to imagine that arrogant gloomy-eyed man as a detective in disguise, and suddenly, she almost could. Was he, after all, what Paul said he was? Had he brought her to the brink of betraying Paul with exaggerated histrionics that she should have seen through?

"Are you listening to me, Jan?" Paul was demanding.

She turned to him, tense with trying to make up her mind.

"There's the station ahead; we'll be there in a minute. Listen now. We're going back down again. While we're making the turn-around, act as though we're nothing more than casual acquaintances. You don't know who they may have watching up there. When we get to the bottom, it's good-bye, and I wasn't the man you were expecting to find after all: I was Charles Brown, and the reason I'd been running from you was—well, why?"

He thought. But there wasn't time. They were swinging towards the open end of the building now.

"I'll think something out as we're riding down. They won't catch me. I won't be caught. Not by them, and not by you! No! I'm living now, I've got the life I always wanted. Nobody worrying every time I spend a little too much money, nobody trying to make me settle down to a dull ordinary life. No, never again, so help me. I won't be caught, Jan."

A few minutes later they were out again in the sunlit mountain stillness, swinging downward over the snow-patched rocks.

Paul turned to her. "Listen now," he said. "There isn't much time. The reason that I, Charles Brown, kept trying to get away from you was that I'd borrowed some money from your husband in Paris and was afraid you were going to try

to get it back. The reason I had the wallet was that he'd given it to me for safekeeping one evening, and I'd forgotten to return it."

"When you called me, I skipped town. In the hotel in Cannes that night I recognised you from those snapshots in the wallet. Do you get it? Can you remember? And when we got down to the station and got out of these chairs, I'm going to say to you, 'Well, good-bye, Mrs. Barton, and I'll send you that money as soon as I can raise it—something like that.'"

"Then you go back to the hotel and say your piece, and I ride up the chair-lift again, as if I'd just politely accompanied you down."

She didn't answer. She asked him instead, "Paul, why did you run away from me in Paris?"

He looked at her in silence, seeming not to be able to concentrate and take in her meaning.

Finally he said deliberately: "Do you want the truth? I suppose I could say I was afraid even then that you'd barge in and give me away—but that wouldn't be the truth. I simply—All right, you're going to have the truth. I simply didn't want to see you. You're lovely to look at, but you're just too conservative and sensible for me. I was fed up with you a year ago."

Her expression flickered involuntarily, but she managed to smile. "That's frank all right."

"Well, you knew it without asking, didn't you?"

"Yes. I'm only thinking how ironic this all is, how I rushed over here when I got that letter, thinking you needed a friend, and ready to be that friend to you. Oh, it is ironic. Because it's cost me a great deal!"

He gave her an impatient look. "Well, too late now. Jan, are you straight about what you're going to say down there?"

"But it isn't too late," she continued. "It's not too late at all for the really important thing. I didn't come expecting that you still loved me. I would have been a fool—and a hypocrite. For I know that we're both past that. Listen, Paul. How much of the bank money have you still left?"

"Plenty, thank you."

"Well, even that would make a difference, you know. The amount that you still could return to the bank."

"What bank? Jan, let's cut this out. I'm up against something tough. I'd rather not talk. Have you got it straight—what you're going to do?"

She gripped her two hands on the chair and stared at the straining leather of her gloves. "No," she said in a low, clear voice. "No."

He stared at her. "What?"

She said, "You ran away from Paris. You ran away from Cannes. You're running away now. You'll never be done running away. Paul, you say you're living now, that you've got the life you want. But you don't look happy, you look hunted. You can't go back to your apartment in Paris. You'll have to find a new place. And after a while there'll be someone to worry you out of that place."

"You'll never be secure, because even if you manage the

practically impossible task of finding security, your mind will tell you that you aren't. Come back home, Paul. I'll help you. I'll go ahead of you and pave the way."

He was watching her fixedly. They passed out of sight of the mountain-top station. Their chairs made a small moving blob of shadow on the snow-croaked rocks far below. In a few minutes they would reach the sunless gloom of the mountain side, and the station down in the valley would come into distant view. They would descend quickly after that. There was so little time.

She burst out suddenly, "Paul, I can't go back there and say you aren't my husband. I can't—I can't. It's only adding more wrong to wrong that's already done. Let me talk to that man. Let me be honest and frank with him."

But she didn't go on. He was reaching towards her. He grabbed her forearm, pulling her towards him. She clutched at the other arm of the chair, trying to steady herself. The chairs swung with the violence of his motion.

"Is that what you want to do?" he said on a harsh, low breath.

In horror she fought herself back against the chair.

"Is that what you want to do?" he repeated. "Give me away, sell me out?"

"No—no."

"Say it again. Say it."

He pulled up the bar. There was nothing in front of her now. One jerk and he could dislodge her. His hand tightened and pulled.

"You'll do as I say or out you go," he said hoarsely.

SOME horrible screaming sound was trying to escape from her throat, yet only a small moan came out. "Say it. You'll tell him, 'No, it wasn't Paul Barton.'"

"Yes—yes."

He flung her arm away from him, flung the bar down, and sat back, his face trembling with triumph. Jan looked at him for a moment, then looked away, and didn't look back. Gradually her heart stopped pounding and returned to beating normally.

After a little while she said without emotion, "Paul, what are your plans?"

"I'm clearing out of here to-night. After that, you just forget you ever knew me, my girl."

"Yes," she said tonelessly, "you'd better go to-night. It's your only chance. Do you—honestly think you could get away if the police were on your trail?"

"What do you mean, if?" he demanded. "The police are on my trail. But I'm pretty clever when I'm trying. I'll get away."

"I don't think so," said Jan solemnly.

They passed down along the piny side of the mountain and drew into the station below.

When Jan got back to the hotel the man was in the lobby smoking. He came over to her, a look of concentration and controlled excitement in his face. Yes, he looked quite a little like a policeman now. But it no longer mattered.

Continuing . . . The Millionth Man

"You saw him?"

She paused at the stairs. "Yes. He was on his way to the chair-lift. We rode up together."

"And—he didn't come back with you? He isn't—?"

"No, he was a stranger," she said, and saw the excitement go out of his eyes, as if something had burned it out. She smiled wanly and shrugged. "He's just a man named Charles Brown, with nothing to distinguish him from any other stranger one passes on the street. Excepting, apparently, that he once was the millionth man to enter somewhere or other."

"Yes, that," he said. He leaned against the newel post, staring off across the room with dispirited eyes. His cigarette dropped in his hand and let its long ash fall to the carpet. "I curse myself for visiting France this year, and I curse myself for reading French newspapers, and I curse myself for reading about that—millionth-man business. It brought us both on a long, bitter journey."

After a moment he straightened up and walked away from her. She went up the stairs to her room. Standing at the open window, staring out at the bright warm false day, she saw him presently leave the hotel and go off down the street. He walked with a trace of his old arrogance, but not with any lordly look of taking pleasure in his surroundings.

Somehow she still couldn't believe that he wasn't truly what he had seemed . . .

Hours later, Jan was sitting in a chair by the window with a pot of tea, long since tepid, beside her. She knew she ought to be packing her bag and preparing to leave the hotel. It was after two o'clock now, and the bar of sunlight on the carpet had travelled a long way since she started watching it.

Someone knocked on the door. There was no startled response to it from the deadness inside her. She got up and stared at her reflection in the mirror for a moment. Her hair was rumpled and her face drawn, but she turned away, uncaring. It was thus that Stephen Hemperley saw her when she came across the room and opened the door.

"Now, don't be angry with me," he said quickly, with a wary sizing-up of her expression. "I'm not jumping the gun; you have another day."

She stood back from the door and he came in.

"I know," he went on. "I know it looks as if I'm moving in ahead of time, but don't jump to conclusions. Right now I don't give a hang about Paul Barton. I've been worried about you. You. Letting you go off into some unknown mess, and thinking I was giving you an extra-generous deal. Can you imagine what I felt when I got those telegrams—first from Cannes, then from way over here? Well, you're all right, as it turns out."

He stopped and gave her a penetrating look. "You are, aren't you? So if you want me to—so help me, I'm serious, Janice—I'll turn right around and go back out that door."

Jan shook her head. "No, you don't need to," she said in a low voice, and then turned

carefully away from him so he wouldn't see emotion suddenly crumple her expression. She walked over to the dressing-table and started gathering toilet articles slowly together.

"I was about to pack up and go. I don't know whether I ought to feel glad that you're here. You came too soon. But . . . but can't I say now perhaps that chance has taken it out of my hands? I tried—so hard. I did try. But it didn't work out."

Stephen Hemperley was suddenly very quiet.

"You've seen him?" he asked. But he added, "No, don't tell me even that if you don't want to. Tell me instead—oh, this is miserably on my conscience, Janice—what I did to you in Paris that morning, outside your room. I'm not nice sometimes. Maybe it was just as well you found that out."

She didn't answer till she could speak steadily through the tightening ache in her throat.

"You've always been nice," she said then. "There's never been a moment when, in the important ways, you weren't everything that I could ask or want. You've been everything I never knew before. Strong. And kind, not just on the surface. And so firmly on the side of right. So I've loved you. And do now. And will always." She put her fingers up to her blurring eyes. "I'm glad that's finally—finally on the record."

"I am, too, Janice," said Stephen Hemperley in a quiet voice. "I am, too."

He came and put his arm about her shoulders and bent forward, smiling a little, his eyes—such a vivid blue—on her reflection in the mirror. "But those tears. Do they go with it, Janice?"

"With—something else," he said gently.

She turned around to him then, weeping beyond control. "Oh, Stephen—it was Paul, but he never wrote the letter and he didn't want me to come. He made me tell that man he wasn't Paul. His face was all changed, and he was so different, and he'd been running from me, not wanting to see me, not wanting me to come . . ."

She stopped and tried to get control of herself. Outside the window she heard people talking, skiers returning in throngs, their conversation loud in the early afternoon stillness. Sunshine, beautiful mountains, friendly people all around—this was no place to be crying over one's troubles.

"It's all right, Janice," Stephen said. "I'm sure you did your best. You've been a fine friend all the way through, and against a lot of obstacles that made things tough for you."

He took her into his arms and held her comfortably close.

"And that—that man," she said. "Not a policeman—I know he wasn't—I know it. But trying to find him. A man on a pleasure trip to Europe, who had just happened to read in a French newspaper about Paul being the millionth man—"

She broke off. Something

was outside her mind, trying to enter it, something tremulous and vague.

"Janice, what man are you talking about?" Stephen asked her, frowning. "Not the one that redhead talked about, surely? I went to see her yesterday. I was lining up information on this deal, and I thought I could pay her to tell. And she only looked amazed. 'I don't need money, she said. 'I'm rich already,' and she pulled a roll of notes from her desk."

"All this," she said, for just a simple little job. He's a funny fellow, such a crude he had, though he never even saw the man, just knows his name. Surely he must have loved in wife well. All this to find the man who wronged her and avenge himself."

Jan had pushed away and was staring at Stephen, her face chalky. The thing outside her thoughts had broken through, had swarmed in with a throng of terrifying, half-formed implications. I am myself for reading French newspapers, he had said. I am myself for reading about that millionth-man business . . .

"But the newspaper man about the millionth man," he said, hardly able to form the words, "led him to Charles Brown. To Charles Brown. Not to Paul, to Charles Brown."

"Janice, what is it? What's wrong with you?"

"Not with me," she whispered. "With him. Thinking Paul had—oh, Stephen, thinking Paul had done him a service without knowing it. What service, except to avenge him on Charles Brown, by making Charles Brown to be on that plane that crashed. But he couldn't be sure till he knew which man was still alive—Paul or Charles."

"He took pains to be sure in the only way he could—because I wouldn't have helped him, don't you see, if I'd known the truth. And now—she stopped and caught her trembling breath—"and now he's losing the future that he thought Paul perhaps had given him, losing it to do the terrible thing he hoped he wouldn't have to do."

She started in panic towards the wardrobe to get her coat, then, aware in a new dreadful way of the voices outside, turned and stumbled towards the window. Stephen followed her and stared down into the street.

Skiers were standing about talking, but not idly, not in usual. Everything was disconnected, bits of comment, sober questions, shocked silence. Someone new came up the street and asked what the excitement was. An accident . . . No, not a skiing accident . . . A fall from a path . . . A man slipping and carrying another man with him down two thousand feet while people above at the chair-lift station helplessly watched.

Slipped, or lunged. He had almost seemed to lunge. But he was an older man, perhaps he had only slipped, and carried the young man, a newcomer, a handsome blond young man with everything to live for, with him, unwillingly . . .

Stephen Hemperley, quiet horror in his face, straightened up and pulled down the window. Then he put his arm around Jan and just held her. The voices were muted now, the room was quiet, the sun was slanting peacefully in across the carpet. Once he looked down at her, peering carefully to see her face.

Her eyes were closed, her lashes tight against her cheeks, but she wasn't crying. It was bad for her now. Right now was the worst it would ever be. After a while it would be better.

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Italian Inspirations

● Noberasco designed the superb white taffeta ball gown, left. The strapless bodice and wide skirt have a black velvet applique in a flower design. The enormous stole in black taffeta is lined with cherry-red.

● Venegiani uses black-and-white striped taffeta for the striking model, below. Festoons of emerald-green velvet trim the bouffant skirt. The velvet is repeated folded softly across the U-shaped décolletage.



● Youthful Italian designer Gingliola Fontana designed the graceful dress of pleated white silk jersey, left. The moulded bodice is finished with an appliqued motif of glittering gold. The huge stole is made of gold tissue to match the bodice trim.

Fashions from four nations

• These sophisticated fashions come from the world's style centres.



Daytime "go-togethers" are still in the Paris picture and are seen in all types of materials and in all colors. The Maggy Rouff model, above, combines a printed cotton strapless sun-top and slim black cotton skirt.

Glamorous trouser fashions are designed in Rome for every age group. Right is Antonelli's fascinating trouser beach-suit with a bare-shoulder top and toreador-length pants. The material is black-and-white cotton.



In London the nean look was launched by John Cavanagh in his autumn collection. Here it is seen in a superb back-swept evening dress of black velvet and faillie. London evening fashions are already looking ahead to the Coronation.



Gem applique is a new fad from the U.S.A. Jewellery is worn fastened to the bare skin by a secret process. When removed it leaves no mark. The designer who dreamed up the idea will not disclose the process.



Summer bridal note from New York is a low-cut white silk satin pump decorated with china orange blossoms on the vamp. The lace bridal dress is the new mid-calf length. The skirt is designed in two deep tiers.



This ensemble is one of the Digby Morton models now being shown in New York. It was included in the advance spring, 1953, export collection. The material is black-and-white check linen topped with white.

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Earache from spearfishing Teach children to swim

I RECOGNISED the young man who appeared in my surgery this morning as one of an enthusiastic band of spearfishermen I frequently see around the rocks of the beach near my home.

He was obviously in pain, and when he opened with, "My ear is aching, doctor," I knew what was wrong.

"I suppose you've been prowling around the sea bed while suffering from a cold?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"I've had a heavy cold for a few days, but yesterday afternoon I couldn't resist the water. Last night I nearly drove the family mad walking around all night with my earache."

I examined his ear and found a red, bulging eardrum. When I told him it would have to be opened he was surprised.

I explained what had happened. In diving underwater, he forced the infected material or pus from his nose up behind his eardrum.

"This will cause you pain until it is drained away," I said.

"Will you actually cut the drum?" he asked.

"I won't. I'll arrange for a specialist to do that. Report to the hospital in the morning. Don't have breakfast, because you'll be having an anaesthetic."

"Now, don't worry," I added. "The drum will heal, and you'll be given a course of antibiotics to guard against complications. You'll be back in your own bed for lunch, and you'll probably be up and about the next day."

Before he left I advised him not to go spearfishing again while he had a cold.

I also advised him never to blow his nose too hard.

"A hard noseblow is enough to force infected material up into your ear," I explained.

It has always been my opinion that children should be taught to swim in their early years.

This morning I saw a boy almost drown, simply because he did not know how to swim or keep afloat.

I was leaving the beach after a very early swim, when I heard a frantic call from a small boy. "Please help my brother—he's in trouble!"

I raced madly for the water, but was relieved when another figure passed me, yelling: "I'll handle it. I'm a member of the club."

He brought the boy out, unconscious and blue.

With practised ease, he placed the boy face downwards, downhill, with his head to one side and his chin stretched up to provide a good airway. A chin left sagging against the neck blocks the airway.

"I don't suppose he has false teeth," I said, "but make sure there's nothing blocking his throat, like seaweed or his tongue."

As his rescuer applied artificial respiration, the boy's color improved, but he was slow to respond.

I rang for the ambulance. When it arrived carbogen was given to the boy. This is an oxygen and carbon dioxide gas mixture which stimulates breathing. It is applied through a mask.

The boy regained consciousness, but I told the ambulance to take him to hospital for observation. I advised them to keep the mask on meanwhile.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

The Family Scrapbook

BY DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"I DEMAND that my children respect me!" With variations, this is a very common parental statement, but is it really possible? We can sometimes get outward obedience, the external sign of respect, through stern disciplinary methods. Real respect, however, includes admiration and affection—and these aren't made to order.

Some time ago, a Brisbane mother wrote me what she thought about love and respect. It was her idea that the two things were tied closely together. "Young mothers to-day," she said, "do not show their children enough affection. There is altogether too much distance between the mother and her children."

This Queensland mother made her point well. The



Love and respect.

warm give-and-take of daily companionship between parents and children is the best foundation on which to build respect, for respect grudgingly given to someone you don't really like very much is a cold and empty thing.

All names are fictitious.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2365.—Easy-to-make beginners' pattern for a house smock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

F2366.—Shirt-waist style with new above-elbow, puffed-up sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2367.—A pretty ballerina with halter-type neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/9.

F2368.—One-piece designed with new torso line. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2369.—Simple one-piece styled with a sleeveless bodice top and scooped neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2364.—Small boy's trunks and matching beach coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Sydney (postal address 4040). G.P.O. Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 404, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 404, G.P.O. Auckland.



Needlework Notions

No. 366.—SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

A beautifully designed supper-cloth with matching servietter is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen; on sheer linen in white, sky-blue, lemon, green, and pink; on fine British cotton in pastel pink, lemon, green, and blue. The cloth measures 36in. by 36in. and serviettes 11in. by 11in.

Price: Cloth in linen, 21/3; cotton, 14/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Serviettes in linen, 1/6; cotton, 1/6. Postage, 3d. extra each. The cloth is obtainable clearly traced with the same design in white linen. Size, 54in. by 54in. Price, 42/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra each.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



No. 367.—FLORAL APRON
A practical and pretty apron obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is a floral printed cotton in tonings of blue, red, grey, beige or maize. Size medium; price, 7/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 368.—WAIST APRON
An attractive waist apron obtainable cut out ready to embroider. The material is plain organdie in blue, pink, green, and white. Size medium; price, 8/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 369.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
Pinafore-style dress obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton dimity. The color choice includes a royal-blue star design on a white ground; red star design on a white ground; green star design on a white ground. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 15/9; 20in. for 4 years, 16/11; 23in. for 5-6 years, 17/9; 27in. for 7-8 years, 18/11. Postage, 1/8 extra.

How to guard holiday fun!



Take the gentle chocolate laxative with you. Constipation steals holiday health and happiness! Here's what doctors and wise mothers prescribe—Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Your children love Laxettes—there's no taste but the chocolate! And the wonderful promethazine in Laxettes even brings a soft, easy motion—without griping, without light-forming. Take them at night and you're fit the next morning—and right for the day! Economical too—only 1/2 a box, from chemists and stores. Get some today!

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Ashton & Parsons Infants Powders are invaluable during teething, when inflamed and aching gums make your baby fretful and feverish. They ease distress, reduce high temperature, and soothe into restful sleep.

Insist on being supplied with
Ashton & Parsons
Infants' Powders

They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

Worth Reporting

FIFTEEN thousand feet over Sydney, Fred Hoinville loops his Tiger Moth and spells out advertising slogans in smoke.

"Everything must be written back to front, like a sign on a glass door," explained Mr. Hoinville, who dropped into our office out of the blue. "Then the people on the ground see it the right way up."

"Each letter is half a mile long by three-eighths of a mile wide, with one-eighth of a mile spacing between letters."

Before cutting loose with smoke signs in Sydney skies, Mr. Hoinville practised writing squares, circles, and triangles over the Camden countryside in N.S.W.

Now he is adept at making the letters (at £4 a time) and enjoys seeing hundreds of small smoke rings beginning to trace themselves on the sky.

Expert at gliding and acrobatics, apart from sky-writing, Mr. Hoinville has just returned from the United States.

Over there he saw a team of seven planes going in for more complicated sky signs, producing the name of a dog biscuit over a perfectly proportioned figure of a Scottie.

"We skywriters have one fear," Mr. Hoinville told us. "It's that we'll unintentionally misspell a word and produce some vulgar meaning for everyone to read."

"It has happened in America. My partner, Charlie Forbes, and I hope it won't happen here."

Woman J.P. works for prisoners

THE most colorful personality among 40 women members at the meeting of the Honorary Justices' Association in Melbourne was diminutive, 71-year-old Major Mary Anderson, of the Salvation Army.

Major Mary, who for 34 years was court officer and prison chaplain for the "Army," has been a J.P. since 1927, the first year women justices were appointed in Victoria.

In all her years of court work, Major Mary has seldom sat on the bench. She has more often appeared on behalf of a prisoner.

"I would rather sit on the floor of the court than on the bench," she told us. "There's more chance of helping people that way."



"It looks lovely on you. I wish you could see it."

REALISING that most men buy model trains for their small sons' Christmas presents because they want to play with them too, an American store recently opened a train room "For Men Only," where fathers can play to their hearts' content.

Ambulance's 60th birthday

QUEENSLAND Ambulance Transport Brigade, first civil ambulance brigade in Australia, will celebrate its 60th anniversary on December 22.

Only two of the original volunteers, more than 80 years of age, remain. They are Mr. Eustace Jack, first captain of the brigade, and Mr. Julius Siegmán.

The brigade, an offshoot of the Moreton Regiment, was known as the C.A.T.B. (City Ambulance Transport Brigade), and had a cat on the alert as its mascot. "Always Ready" was its slogan.

Mr. Jack often went hungry in those early days when the job was an honorary one, and people laughed at his efforts to form a brigade.

Mr. Siegmán fared better. He worked at his trade by day and was on call at night.

Mr. Jack takes pride in the fact that he can call himself a trained nurse and the holder of the first certificate of the Order of St. John in Brisbane.

LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

PARIS couturiers are feeling the pinch of the £25 sterling British travel allowance, for with such a pittance scarcely an English face is seen in the salons these days.

Christian Dior, who knows how to look after both sorts of figures, has thought up a way of getting sterling into his satin-lined coffers.

He is opening a boutique in London, where ready-made clothes designed by him are available at cheaper prices.

Running the London shop is Laura, Countess of Dudley, the latest peeress to join the ranks of working girls.

MUSICAL cats have been making unmusical sounds about Margaret Truman.

They say her singing career is over now that her voice is coming from her throat and not from the White House.

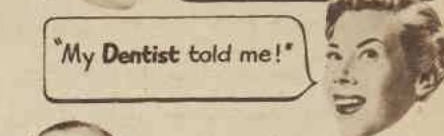
They are right off the beam. Miss Truman has been offered a gilt-edged contract (£1000 sterling for each appearance) with a large American television network.

SVELTE Sydney actress Betty Goodman has taken the matrimonial plunge in London.

Her bridegroom is Dr. Kenneth McDowall, a dental surgeon from Melbourne.

TRYING to buy one of the new Elizabethan stamps on the first day they were on sale was like fighting for nylons in a bargain basement.

Post offices witnessed scenes of grim hand-to-hand fighting as bearded fanatics struggled for pens to address envelopes to themselves, thus ensuring that the new stamp was franked with the postmark of the first day of issue.



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"GROWING UP IN INGOLA"

Bunny Rabbits are so cuddly—just like

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Cottage preferred to ancestral home

Sir Angus and Lady Gillan settle in picturesque Surrey village

By EVE GYE

When Sir Angus and Lady Gillan returned to England last year after two years in Australia, they expected to live in the Gillan ancestral home in Stirlingshire, Scotland.

They had leased the home during Sir Angus' sojourn in Australia as representative of the British Council.



"SHEEP-COTE COTTAGE," the 400-year-old home of Sir Angus and Lady Gillan, at Leigh, Surrey, England. Roses, honeysuckle, and jasmine clamber up the walls, and flowers and shrubs grow in profusion. A short wing, in keeping with the Old-World style, has been added to the house, but it cannot be seen in the photograph.



REAR GLIMPSE of "Sheep-cote Cottage," which is set in several acres of orchard, flower, and vegetable gardens.



UNDER the shade of a pear-laden tree, Sir Angus and Lady Gillan relax with their Sealyham, Garry, and Topsy, the cat.

BEFORE going to Scotland, they were motor-ing through Surrey on a wintry day when, in the picturesque little Saxon village of Leigh, they saw a 400-year-old shepherds' cottage.

Fronting one of the winding lanes on the fringe of the village, it was named "Sheep-cote Cottage," had a light dusting of snow on its roof, and a "For Sale" notice in a window.

Sir Angus and Lady Gillan liked the cottage at once. They lost no time in buying it and moving in.

When I visited "Sheep-cote Cottage" last August the Gillans had just completed repairs and alterations. Sir Angus had learned to bend so that he would not knock his head so often on the heavy beams of the low ceilings and doorways of the rooms.

In furnishing the cottage, Lady Gillan used many pieces from her former home.

A pair of beautifully carved oak beds suit the main bedroom, with its age-darkened oaken beams, heavy doors, and thick flooring boards.

Over the tiny, mullioned windows are soft blue-and-gold thread curtains. Blue and pinky-beige rugs strew the floor. On a lovely old treasured oak Jacobean chest stand a pair of blue candles in white holders. Several strip wall-mirrors, framed in oak, reflect

light and give an air of spaciousness to the room.

Through the windows I saw the rolling countryside, studded with oaks, chestnuts, and other beautiful trees.

For the guest suite, Lady Gillan chose apple-green painted furniture and linen curtains patterned in flowery pastels. She has soft green rugs on the polished oaken floor.

An oval mirror, framed in green, hangs on the wall opposite the windows and reflects the garden. The walls are cream and the ceiling is palest green.

Sir Angus Gillan's book-lined study is a long, attic-like room with white walls and black joists. A big oaken desk occupies one end of the room and a henna-toned rug covers the floor.

Striped curtains

CURTAINS are of striped linen in henna, tan, green, and black. Easy chairs are upholstered in matching linen.

The sitting-room is the largest room in "Sheep-cote Cottage."

The deep, hooded fireplace looks picturesque with its raised platforms and mantel formed of a hand-hewn oaken-log straddling the section. An old grandfather clock ticks by the fireplace.

The tiny dining-room opens off the sitting-room, while a short staircase with a latch-door leads to the bedrooms and study above.

A chest, tables, and chairs with exquisitely worked tapestry seats, all mellowed with age, are included in the furnishing scheme of the sitting-room.

Sir Angus and Lady Gillan are keen gardeners. They spend a lot of time tending their garden, with its vegetable plot, orchard, fish pond, arbors, and rockeries.

They have plums and apples growing espalier fashion on the rear walls, which face the sunny south.

Lady Gillan, who was a foundation member and vice-president of the N.S.W. Garden Club during her stay in Sydney, showed me squashes developing on vines grown from seed given her in Australia.

Sir Angus has amusing memories of duck-shoots in North Queensland.

"On one excursion I wore shorts and old boots," he said.

"I shot a couple of ducks and waded into the swamp to retrieve them. I came out all weeds and heard a young lad say, 'Not much of a lord, is he, all wet and covered with weeds and with his toes sticking out of his boots!'"

When I said good-bye, Lady Gillan said, with a sigh, "How I wish for a magic carpet which could transport 'Sheep-cote Cottage' to Australia."

"Please give out love to your wonderful country. We travelled all over it, met many delightful people, and made a number of firm friends."

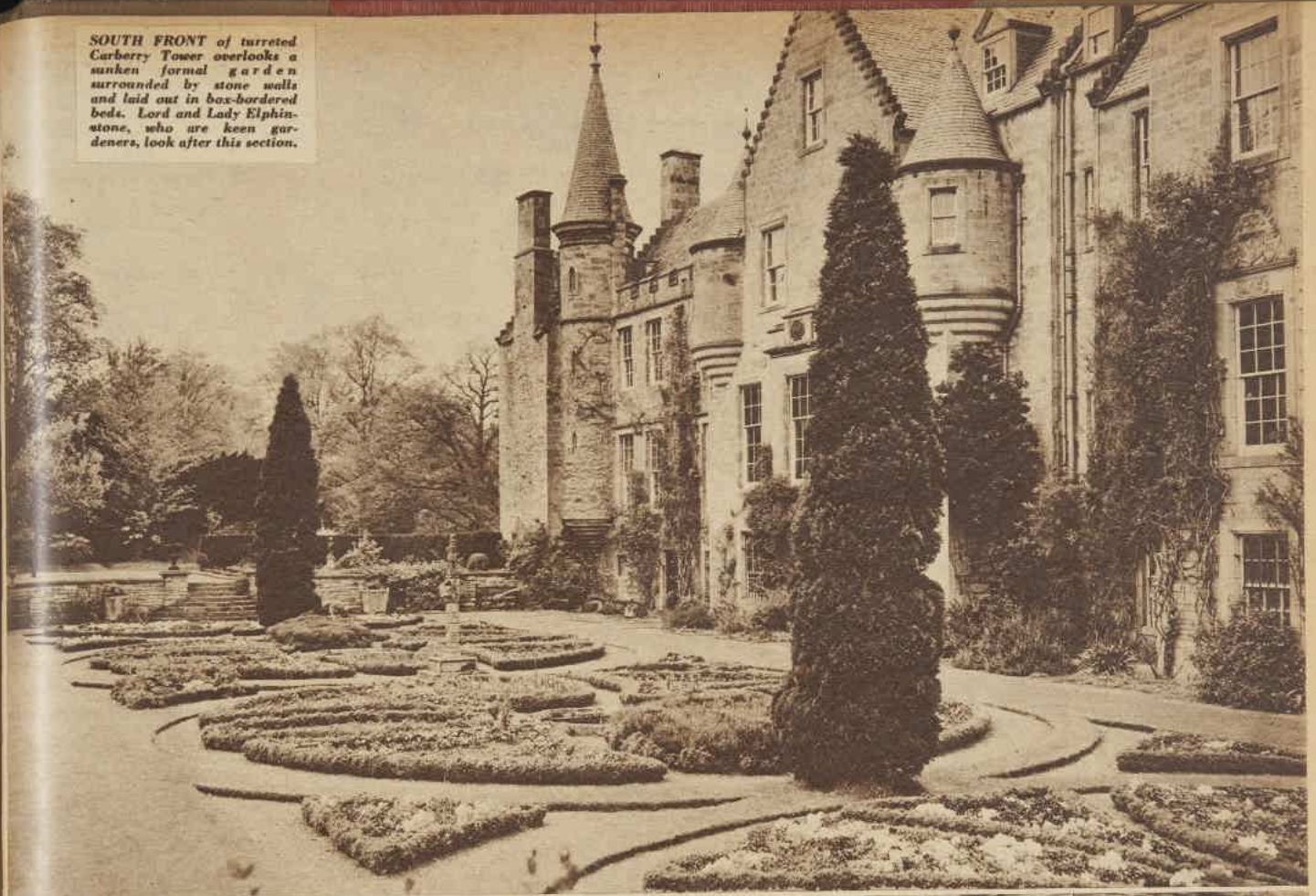


FIREPLACE of the spacious sitting-room, which has creamy-toned walls and ceiling. Persian rugs are on the sand-colored carpet. Easy chairs have white linen covers patterned in flower tonings. The shades of the table-lamps repeat the colors of the chair covers. The flower arrangements by Lady Gillan accent the furnishing colors.



DINING-ROOM, with the table set for lunch. Beams are dark with age and the walls are chalk-white. A rich blue carpet covers the floor, and pretty white and blue linen curtains frame the mullioned windows. The furniture is oak, with pewter and silver pieces decorating the buffet. The age-old door leads to a modernized kitchen.

SOUTH FRONT of turreted Carberry Tower overlooks a sunken formal garden surrounded by stone walls and laid out in box-bordered beds. Lord and Lady Elphinstone, who are keen gardeners, look after this section.



Historic Scottish Castle

During her recent tour abroad our Homemaker editor, Eve Gye, visited some of the loveliest homes in the United Kingdom. Below, she describes Carberry Tower, Scotland. Opposite, she discusses the English cottage home of Sir Angus and Lady Gillan.

ON a broad plateau above the ancient town of Musselburgh, in the parish of Inveresk, Scotland, stands Carberry Tower, home of Lord and Lady Elphinstone.

Reminiscent of a Hans Andersen fairy-tale castle, with its towers, turrets, and ramparts, Carberry was the centre of many stirring events in bygone centuries.

The west section, which includes the round tower, dates back to the 14th century, and the central block was added in the 16th century.

The east wing was added by Lord Elphinstone in 1913, three years after his marriage to Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, the Queen Mother's elder sister.

Now the creepers which have grown up the grey-stone walls, round the windows and narrow, knit the three sections together as a whole.

A "border beacon" tops the extreme end of the 14th-century section of the castle.

This iron basket-shaped beacon was always kept filled with tinder and wood in the old days, and was lit to warn

the people that the enemy was coming.

It has been lit only twice in the lifetime of Lord and Lady Elphinstone. The first time was on the night of the 1918 Armistice and the second to celebrate the end of World War II.

As a girl, Mary Queen of Scots visited Carberry Tower. Her portrait in a frame surmounted by a gold crown still hangs in the great drawing-room.

On Carberry Hill, not far from the castle, there is a small stone inscribed with the words "At this spot Mary, Queen of Scots, after the escape of Bothwell, mounted her horse and surrendered herself to the Confederate Lords, June 15, 1567."

To-day, Royalty's link with Carberry Tower is still very strong.

As children, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were taken to see Lady Elphinstone whenever they and their parents visited Scotland.

The late King is said to have loved Carberry's atmosphere of peace and serenity, and Queen Mary, who has made frequent visits, delighted in the willow-fringed lakes and tree-shrouded walks.

Andrew Johnstone, the genial lodge-keeper who has opened and closed the big iron gates at the entrance to Carberry for nearly 36 years, is full of reminiscences of visits made by Royalty.

"The little Princesses often played in these grounds and even came to the Lodge," he said.

"And came in the back way, too," added his wife. "Our

son used sometimes to play with Master John and Master Andrew Elphinstone. Now they've all grown up.

"But we're looking forward to seeing Prince Charles and Princess Anne when our beautiful young Queen comes to Scotland."

As would be expected, Carberry Tower houses lovely old pieces of furniture, priceless china and glass, paintings and ancestral portraits.

The spacious morning-room on the ground floor and the great drawing-room on the first floor are in themselves a panorama of the centuries with their mixture of old-world and modern furnishings.



ENTRANCE to Carberry Tower, showing the stout oak and wrought-iron gates and the drive lined by old lime trees. The house stands at the end of the green tunnel formed by the trees. A high stone wall surrounds the estate.



FIREPLACE in the 14th century oak-paneled hall. Old buttress-type windows are set in the six-feet-thick walls. The trophies above the fireplace were "bagged" by Lord Elphinstone. The polished floor has no rug.



LADY ELPHINSTONE, elder sister of the Queen Mother, gathering daffodils which grow in the lawns and fields of her home, Carberry Tower. The lawns in the background are carpeted with daisies.



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Maxam Surprise Packets. Fingers of Maxam cheese rolled in lettuce leaves, with brown bread and butter.

Maxam Peanut Sandwiches. Chopped salted peanuts mixed with easy-to-spread Maxam cheese between slices of white or brown bread.

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Maxam Salads. Individual salads with wedges of Maxam cheese packed in a jar.

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AFTER-SCHOOL SNACKS

Maxam Salad Roll. A big slice of Maxam with crisp salad in a buttered bread roll.

Maxam Fruit Special. A wedge of creamy Maxam with a rosy fresh apple.

Maxam Celery Surprises. Sticks of celery stuffed with Maxam to munch with buttered wholemeal bread.

Maxam Cheese-Betweens. Slices of Maxam cheese between crisp wholemeal biscuits.

Maxam Jam Delight. A thick slice of Maxam cheese on top of bread and jam.

Maxam 'n' Cake. A slice of Maxam cheese on rich fruit or ginger cake is delicious!

Always Say -

"A PACKET OF

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PLEASE, GROCEER"



LUSCIOUS CHERRY TART, above, can be made by adapting the prize-winning recipe for cherry and almond shape. Drain the cooked cherries thoroughly and fold them into cooled almond mixture to which has been added 2 tablespoons ground almonds and 1 or 2 egg-whites beaten stiffly with 1 tablespoon sugar; fill into pastry case and chill.

New cherry dessert

This week's main prize of £5 is awarded to a simple cherry and almond sweet, ideal for warm-weather dinners.

CHERRIES seem more at home in Christmas season menus than any other fruit. When they are cooked and combined with a smooth almond-flavored cream the result is a tempting, pretty-to-look-at sweet.

Three consolation prize recipes you will find useful over the holiday season are cheesed potato cakes, wedged with ham, hard-boiled egg, and tomato, and cool drinks.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHERRY AND ALMOND SHAPE

Cherry Layer: Half pound cherries, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Almond Cream: Three-quarters pint milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon ground rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Cook cherries gently with sugar and sufficient water to cover. Strain, mix syrup with lemon juice and gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add water to make up to 1 pint (if necessary), allow to cool. Set a layer 1 in. deep in wetted mould. Keep balance in warm place to prevent setting. Blend ground rice with milk, stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add sugar and almond essence. When quite cold stir in dissolved gelatine and pour carefully on to jelly in mould. When set, add half remaining jelly, then balance of almond cream, allowing each layer to set before adding another. Mix cooked cherries with balance of jelly, pour into mould. Chill until set. Unmould, serve decorated with cream and extra fresh or cooked cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Newell, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

CHEESED POTATO SURPRISES

Eight ounces self-raising flour (or plain flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder), 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. mashed potato, pinch pepper, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, milk, slices of ham or corned beef, hard-boiled egg, and tomato.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in butter or substitute. Add potato and cheese. Mix well, adding sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. Roll out 1 in. thick, cut into squares approximately 1 1/2 in. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden-brown on both sides. While still hot, wedge each open with small slices of ham, hard-boiled egg, and tomato.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, 152 Faraday St., Carlton, Vic.

LEMON PUNCH

Six large lemons, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1 handful crushed mint, 1 quart boiling water, 1 cup pineapple juice (or other fruit juice), 2 bottles lemonade.

Pour boiling water over lemon juice, mint, and sugar, allow to cool. Add pineapple or other fruit juice. Just before serving add lemonade.

Serve icy cold with crushed ice and decorate with lemons and orange slices, banana rings, and mint sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Bide, 17 Clifton St., Nedlands, W.A.

SUMMER DRINKS

Hawaiian Milk Shake: One cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 cups milk, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup chipped ice, 2 cups milk.

Combine fruit juices and sugar, mix until sugar dissolves. Add ice, then chilled milk. Beat or shake vigorously, serve in tall glasses topped with whipped cream or ice-cream. Makes 8 or 10 glasses.

Mocha Frost: Three tablespoons cocoa, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2-3rds cup hot water, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 cup milk, 1 cup ice-cream.

Mix sugar and cocoa together, add hot water, boil 1 minute. Add coffee essence, chill. Add chilled milk and ice-cream. Beat or shake well. Serve in tall glasses topped with a cherry.

Note: Quantity of ice-cream in mocha frost may be increased up to 1 1/2 cups. Increase quantity of milk in proportion.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Lucie, 21 New St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Holiday problems

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A LONG journey can be a trying ordeal for the mother of young children, and for the children, too.

Food and drinks as well as beakers or cups for the trip should be taken from home if possible. Too many sweets, unwashed or unpeeled fruit, and milk that may not be fresh can cause upsets.

Most children easily make adjustments to a new environment, but some babies are sensitive to new surroundings and become physically and mentally upset for a time.

A different water supply and a new milk supply may have dangers unless precautions are taken.

A holiday can be spoiled by mishaps, such as severe sunburn, sunstroke, insect bites or snakebite.

A leaflet giving hints on travelling with children and first-aid for minor accidents may be obtained from The Australian Women's Welfare Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope with request.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 24, 1945

Open House

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



Christmas is synonymous with hospitality. It is pleasant to be able to have "open house" so that friends, relatives, and neighbors can drop in to see you.

BE prepared for casual callers at Christmas, and avoid a last-minute rush by planning ahead and including easy-to-make, easy-to-serve foods which can be prepared and presented with a minimum of fuss.

Serve more than one variety of biscuit as well as some home-made cheese bubble bread.

Arrange the biscuits simply on a platter and fill the centre of the dish with savory tidbits. Add pieces of crisp celery and baby lettuce leaves, or arrange them on a separate platter.

Prepare a tin of small pastry cases to be filled as needed with some hot savory concoctions or with home-made lemon-spread or sweetened fruit pulp.

The pastry cases and the savory casserole can be kept hot in a slow oven and brought out when required.

You could also make choux pastry cases, which keep fresh in an airtight tin, for filling with sweet or savory mixtures.

Scones are always popular and may be prepared in a hurry in an emergency.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY CHOUX PASTRY PUFFS

(For best results fill puffs as near to serving time as possible.)

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 4oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 large eggs.

Bring butter or substitute and

water to boiling point. Stir in sifted flour, salt, and cayenne; beat until smooth. Beat steadily over low heat until mixture forms a smooth mass and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Allow to cool. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, beat until evenly mixed and quite smooth. Place small spoonfuls well apart on a greased oven tray. Cook in hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking until crisp on the outside and well dried out on the inside. Cool, split open, remove any moist centre. Store in airtight tin until required, then re-heat and fill with hot savory filling.

SAVORY FILLINGS

(Use these in shortcrust pastry boats, in small, round pastry cases, or in choux pastry puffs.)

Creamed Fish and Celery (see color photograph): For each 12oz. tin of flaked fish (drained free of liquor and skin and bones removed) or 1lb. fresh fish (cooked and flaked), allow 2 cups thick white sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 cup diced cooked celery, salt, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine all ingredients and keep hot in a casserole in the oven or in a saucepan standing in a larger saucepan of boiling water. The creamed fish mixture must not be allowed to boil. Quantity is sufficient to fill 2 to 3 dozen puffs or 3 to 4 dozen pastry cases, according to shape and size.

Creamed Oysters, Prawns, Crab, or Lobster: Allow 1 dozen bearded chopped oysters to each cup thick white sauce. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice. Chopped shelled prawns or crabmeat or lobster may be used in the same way, allowing about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fish to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups thick, well-seasoned white sauce. Fills 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen puffs or 2 to 3 dozen boats or cases, according to size.

Curried Eggs: Combine 4 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup white sauce flavored to taste with curry powder, 1 teaspoon scraped or grated onion, squeeze lemon juice, and 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley.

Keep hot over boiling water, but do not allow to boil. Fills approximately 1 dozen puffs or 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen boats or cases, according to size.

Creamed Asparagus: Combine 1 cup chopped asparagus sticks or asparagus cuts with 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups thick white sauce. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and, if desired, add grated cheese to taste.

ANCHOVY CHEESE SCONES (A plain scone mixture topped with grated cheese before cooking and spread with anchovy butter before serving.)

Eight ounces flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder (or use 8oz. self-raising flour), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, milk for glazing, grated cheese, softened butter mixed with anchovy paste and a few drops of lemon juice.

STAY AND HAVE A BITE. Casual Christmas callers will enjoy fixing their own savories if you arrange a buffet in the lounge or dining-room. Instructions for making the holiday fare shown above are given on this page.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and powdered milk. Rub in butter, mix to a soft dough with water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Cut into squares or rounds with floured knife or cutter. Brush tops with milk, sprinkle with grated cheese. Pack on greased or lightly floured tray, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold, split, and spread with anchovy butter.

COTTAGE CHEESE WAFERS

(Make in advance and keep in an airtight tin.)

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt and cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2oz. cottage cheese, cold water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening, then cottage cheese. Mix to a dry dough with a little water. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into small shapes. Prick with a fork, bake in hot oven seven to 10 minutes until lightly browned.

FRIED BREAD CROUTES

(With a tin of these prepared in advance and a few savory spreads in the pantry, you can face dozens of unexpected callers.)

Cut day-old bread into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, or use ready-sliced bread. With a sharp knife, remove crusts and cut into small squares or cut into rounds with a very small scone cutter. This may be done three or four slices at a time. Lower into fuming oil or fat for 1 minute

or until lightly browned. Drain well on clean kitchen paper. These croutons are crisp and delicious topped with savory spreads; it is not necessary to butter them before spreading.

CHEESE BUBBLE BREAD

(Good as a base for savory spreads or served with salads.)

Three ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to a very dry dough with milk. Roll to wafer thinness on floured board. Cut into strips 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. Store in airtight tin when cold.

LEMON SPREAD

(Good spooned into tiny pastry cases. Any left over may be used as a cake-filling.)

One medium-sized smooth-skinned lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar (8oz. measuring cup), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter (substitutes give a less satisfactory result).

Grate lemon rind, avoiding any of the white pith. Mix with lemon juice, sugar, and well-beaten egg. Place in saucepan with butter, stir over very low heat until well mixed and slightly thickened. Allow to become cold before storing. Mixture thickens as it cools.

Which Twin has the

Toni

and which has the
expensive perm?
(SEE ANSWER BELOW)



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WHOLE HEAD REFILL, 13/9

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Toni Home Perm
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your hair was ever straight.

Which twin has the Toni?

Lynette and Judith Spencer, N.S.W., are identical twins and even experts can't tell that it's Judith (on the right) who has the Toni.



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BREAD ROLLS, cottage loaf, Vienna loaf, and bread baked in a tin (all illustrated above) are made from the recipe for French bread given below. Fresh, crusty yardstick bread (at right) cut into chunky pieces and sliced milk bread are good spread with butter and eaten with fruit conserve.



Home-made bread a help to holiday catering

Because the prospect of four days without fresh bread creates a Christmas catering problem, housewives will welcome this page of simple recipes for home-made bread.

THERE'S a great amount of satisfaction in being able to produce, from your own oven, crusty golden bread with its tantalising aroma.

Making bread at home is not the complicated, rather frightening task some housewives imagine it to be.

Though the method of mixing, "proving" (leaving to rise), and baking may appear long and tiresome, the actual handling time is short and results are well worth while.

The most important thing to remember is that all ingredients should be kept warm, not hot, during the whole mixing process.

Either compressed yeast or dehydrated yeast may be used as the rising agent.

Compressed yeast is a putty-like substance, obtainable from some chemists and grocers. It should be kept in a cool place, covered with a damp cloth and used within a few days.

Dehydrated yeast, now available from grocers, should be used according to directions. It keeps indefinitely.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRENCH BREAD

Two cups lukewarm water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 4 cup lukewarm water, 64 cups plain flour, extra flour, 1 egg-white beaten in 1 tablespoon water or milk.

Combine water and salt. Dissolve yeast in the 4 cup of water, stand for a few minutes, and add. Stir in the 64 cups flour. Knead well, adding up to another cup of flour until firm and elastic. The dough should be dry and not wet. Place in greased basin, cover with damp cloth, not touching dough. Stand in warm place until double its bulk, knock down, and let rise again. Divide the dough into 3 or 4, making rolls about twice the size of frankfurts. Place on greased tray and gash every two inches about 1/2 in. deep. Brush with beaten egg-white or milk and stand in warm place to rise until doubled. Bake in moderate oven until light brown and

glaze again. Bake 40 to 45 minutes, until the dough rises. Cool quickly in a draught. It crackles as it cools.

If cooked in one large loaf, cook approximately 65 minutes.

To make yardstick bread, take a portion of the dough and mould into a long, thin roll (as long as your largest oven-tray) and bake as above, allowing 20 to 25 minutes.

MILK BREAD

One and a half pounds flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2oz. yeast, 2oz. butter, 4 pint warm milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Cream the yeast and sugar in a basin, cover with warm milk, and set in a warm place for 15 minutes. Rub butter into the flour, add salt; make a well in the centre, pour in yeast, and add enough warm milk to make a dough. Knead this lightly with the hands until the dough leaves them quite freely. Cover and set in a warm place to rise for two hours. Knead lightly; divide into even-sized pieces, shape into small rolls, plaits, or twists. Set these on a greased tin for 10 minutes in a warm place to rise. Brush over with a little milk and sugar. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 15 minutes.

MALT LOAF

One and a half pounds white flour, 1 1/2lbs. wholemeal flour, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1oz. lard or other shortening, 1 1/2 pints milk or water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon malt extract, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 4 tablespoons lukewarm water.

Sift the white flour, add the wholemeal, make a well in the centre. Crumble in the yeast and add sugar and lukewarm water. Cover and stand in a warm place for 10 minutes. Warm the milk, lard, and malt in a saucepan over low heat until the shortening is melted and the malt dissolved. Cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle the salt over the flour, add milk mixture, and mix to a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Place in a warm basin and

stand in a warm place for 40 minutes, until the dough rises. Turn out, knead slightly; replace in the basin and stand aside for a further 40 minutes. This second "proving" will give a finer, lighter bread. Knead and divide into two; place in warmed, greased tins and "prove" for 15 minutes before baking. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook further 30 minutes. Brush with melted butter.

WHOLEMEAL BREAD

Three and a half pounds wholemeal (or use 2 1/2lbs. wholemeal and 1lb. plain

flour), 1 1/2oz. salt, 2oz. lard or other shortening, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 1/2 to 2 pints water.

Add salt to the wholemeal (or wholemeal and flour), rub in lard, and put the bowl in a warm place. Cream yeast and sugar and add half the tepid water. Make a well in the flour and add yeast and enough water to give a rather soft dough. Knead well, then put to rise till it doubles its size. Re-knead, shape, and put into tins (previously greased and dusted with wholemeal), half-filling them. "Prove" for 20 minutes and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking until loaves are browned and until they sound hollow when tapped underneath. Wholemeal breads usually require more moisture than white-flour breads and take longer to cook.

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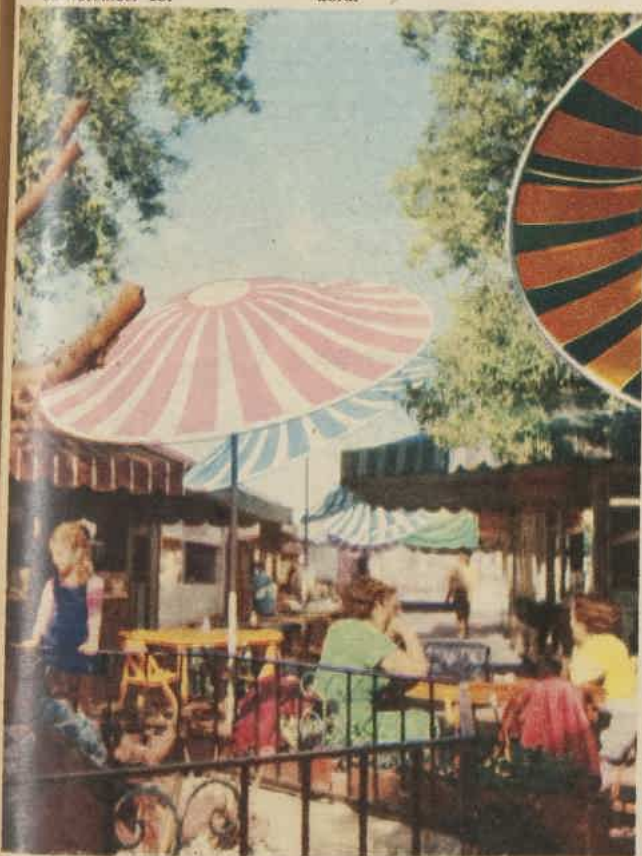
Michael Pate in Hollywood

★ Sydney actor Michael Pate flew to California late in 1950 to repeat a stage role which he played in Australia in "Thunder On The Hill." He stayed in Hollywood to build his film career and marry an American girl. Evidence that Michael has made good may be found in a quick succession of films for which he is booked during 1953. These pictures of the Pates were taken in and around Los Angeles.



FELIPA PATE (above), Michael's blonde wife, is from an American theatrical family. The youthful Pates are proud parents of a son born in Santa Monica on November 18.

MICHAEL PATE (right) teaching Amber, the family poodle, a new acting technique. Amber can already register sorrow, anger, and scorn at the drop of a word.



COLORFUL CORNER of Los Angeles markets, where the Pates often shop. Housewives take a break from shopping for a chat at one of the shaded tables scattered about the market. A little girl watches fish in the pool.



FILM SET. Australian actor Michael Pate looks over the movie set of "The Black Castle," a mystery melodrama in which he appears with Richard Greene, Stephen McNally, and Paula Corday. Pictures were taken by Australian photographer Stirling Macoboy.

U.S. star makes first British film



GIPSY of the film world Evelyn Keyes settles down long enough in her world-wandering to roast chestnuts in the centuries-old fireplace at the Castle Inn, Lulworth, where the "Rough Shoot" company is staying in England.



THREE AMERICANS crouching on the set of the British film on which they are working. They are Joel McCrea (left), director Robert Parrish, and Evelyn Keyes. For each of the three, "Rough Shoot" is their first British film.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT. Visiting American Joel McCrea, who is 6ft. 3in. tall, obliges a very small local miss by signing his autograph while on location in Dorset for "Rough Shoot," his first British film.

Joel McCrea leaves his ranch to play Dorset landlord

Joel McCrea has been prised out of a deep chair on his California ranch, lured across the whole breadth of America, coaxed aboard an ocean liner, and cajoled across the Atlantic to make his first film in Britain.

AND that, after 22 years of film-making in Hollywood, took some doing.

What clinched it was that they suggested Joel bring his family—his wife, Frances Dee,

and his two sons, Jody and David.

On the set of "Rough Shoot" at Riverside studios, on the Thames, where there is a mixed but brilliant bag of British and American stars, McCrea gets up for filming

just like he would get up for a day on his farm.

He hoists six-feet-three of himself out of a folding chair, ambles across to the camera, and ambles comfortably through his lines with as much difficulty or tension as you or I would have about stirring our tea.

If there was ever a more good-natured, comfortable, relaxed, care-nothing star in the whole of the picture business, I haven't met him.

"Rough Shoot," the film that finally attracted the gentle, sun-tanned Joel to Britain, is the story of an American Army colonel who rents a piece of land in Dorset for shooting, aims some buckshot at a trespasser, and is straightway involved in an espionage thriller.

For this Marius Goring, Herbert Lom, and Frank Lawton (who lately toured Australia with his wife, Evelyn Laye) have been recruited from the British studios; and Hollywood's Evelyn Keyes popped across from Paris, where she has been holidaying and making her first French film, to make her first British film.

Joel's two hefty teenage sons are almost always on the set with him. Father leans back, squints, puts his feet up, talks almost nothing but acting with Jody, 18, and hardly anything except ranching with David, a gum-chewing strapping who twirls a lariat and wants nothing better than to help his father with the cattle when he leaves high school. But Jody wants to be an actor.

"They can carve up my careers between them," McCrea drawled. "I only started in Hollywood as a means to an end. I used to play ball on the land where they now have the big studio lots. I went to school with the film stars' kids, but my idea of the perfect life was to own a ranch and several hundred cattle."

"Every year in my holidays I used to work on a big ranch in the Tehachapi Mountains, riding the range and learning real farming from the foreman."

"The only thing I ever dreamed of was to fence in

By **BILL STRUTTON**, of our London staff

a tract of land and put a brand on my own steers. "Funny thing was that to get enough capital to do this I had to take to acting real seriously."

By the time he had gathered enough money to get his ranch, McCrea was an established star. And filming had become a habit with him.

He squinted into the sun and gave me his slow, wide grin. "It's got that way that when the studio rings and asks me to do a film I'm saying yes before I realise that what I really mean is no."

His co-star, Evelyn Keyes, is almost the reverse of McCrea, the man of property, in her outlook.

In tartan slacks and a loose sweater, she curled up on the settee of her dressing-room and said, "Me, I'm a gypsy. Why, I haven't even a home in Hollywood now."

A few years ago, when she was busily engaged in keeping up appearances with other West-coast stars, Evelyn lived in a posh penthouse in exclusive Shoreham Apartments, which overlook Sunset Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood.

"I also supported a secretary and a couple of cars in those days, but not any more," she said.

Glamour clothes used to be another major item. To maintain her place among Hollywood's best-dressed women, Evelyn needed an extensive wardrobe.

"Now you could pack all my possessions in a suitcase," she said. "I'm no longer under contract to any studio, and I can travel where I like. I've just been having a divine holiday in Paris—in between making a film there. Before that I was in Mexico. A film paid for my stay there, too. Now Britain."

"It's a great life, a gypsy's. No strings, no worries."

"No strings?" I asked. "Meaning boy-friends, husbands, romance?" said Evelyn Keyes, raising her well-arched eyebrows.

"Yes."

"No strings," said Miss Keyes firmly.

HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW



depends a lot on TODAY...

To be radiant, energetic and free from minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid Constipation. If you want to enjoy perfect health the natural way take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, tonight. Then you'll be really fit and ready for work or play tomorrow.

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says

Deborah Kerr



Deborah Kerr as she stars with Robert Taylor in M.G.M.'s technicolor epic, "Quo Vadis."

9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!



1 DISCOVERY that Jeff McCloud (Robert Mitchum), left, is an ex-rodeo champion makes cowhand Wes Merritt (Arthur Kennedy) ask Jeff to teach him the art of rodeo so he can earn extra money.



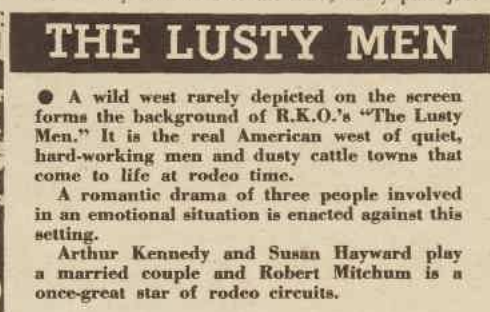
2 TRAINING Wes, who shows aptitude for the work, brings back to Jeff memories of former life. Jeff becomes a cowhand at ranch where Wes is employed, but he very soon tires of the hard, badly paid job.



3 HOME-LIFE of the Merritts makes Jeff nostalgic. When Wes asks Jeff to coach and manage his career, Jeff decides to accept, mainly because of his growing interest in Louise Merritt (Susan Hayward).



4 ABILITY of Wes is proved when he wins local rodeo. Louise is stunned by her husband's decision to leave his regular job. Although their security and income are threatened, she goes along with his plan.



THE LUSTY MEN

● A wild west rarely depicted on the screen forms the background of R.K.O.'s "The Lusty Men." It is the real American west of quiet, hard-working men and dusty cattle towns that come to life at rodeo time.

A romantic drama of three people involved in an emotional situation is enacted against this setting.

Arthur Kennedy and Susan Hayward play a married couple and Robert Mitchum is a once-great star of rodeo circuits.



5 SUGGESTION that he should give up rodeo work and buy a ranch with the money that Louise has managed to save is rebuffed by Wes. He has grown to like high living and developed a taste for gay life.



6 SHOWDOWN when Louise finds Wes at a party with showgirl Babs (Eleanor Todd), right, culminates in Wes ordering both Jeff and Louise out. Jeff asks Louise to leave Wes and marry him. She refuses.



7 CHALLENGED by Wes with having stolen affections of Louise, Jeff defends himself vigorously, and Wes is beaten in ensuing fight. Out to try and impress Louise with his prowess, Jeff returns to rodeo life.



8 MORTALLY injured when he is thrown from a horse during his comeback, Jeff dies. Shock makes Wes realise his marriage is breaking up, and he leaves the rodeo to take Louise to ranch she always wanted.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Holly and the Ivy," drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson. Plus "Mr. Peek-a-boo," comedy, starring Bourvil.

CIVIC.—★ "Man on the Eiffel Tower," Ansco-color mystery, starring Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone. Plus "The Tattooed Stranger," thriller, starring John Miles. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," British technicolor comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Assassin for Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★ "When the Daltons Rode," Western, starring Randolph Scott, Broderick Crawford. Plus "The Daltons Ride Again," Western, starring Kent Taylor, Martha O'Driscoll. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "This Woman Is Dangerous," drama, starring Joan Crawford, David Brian, Dennis Morgan.

PARK.—★ "The Fighter," Mexican revolutionary drama, starring Richard Conte. Plus "My Dear Secretary," comedy, starring Kirk Douglas. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★★ "Story of Robin Hood," technicolor adventure, starring Richard Todd, Joan Rice. Plus "The Olympic Elk," technicolor documentary film.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Montmartre." (Re-release.)

STATE.—★★ "The Man in the White Suit," British comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood. Plus "13 East Street," thriller, starring Patrick Holt.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Going My Way," comedy-drama, starring Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Untamed Frontier," technicolor Western, starring Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters, Scott Brady. Plus ★ "Lost in Alaska," comedy, starring Abbott and Costello.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Voodoo Tiger," jungle adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller. Plus "Renegades of the Sage," Western, starring Charles Starrett.

ESQUIRE.—"Something for the Birds," comedy, starring Patricia Neal, Victor Mature. Plus "Backlash," thriller, starring Richard Travis. (Re-release.)

LIBERTY.—"Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

PALACE.—"Jack and the Beanstalk," comedy, starring Abbott and Costello. Plus featurettes. (Evening sessions only: "The Girl from Jones Beach," comedy, starring Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan.) (Re-release.)

REGENT.—"Snows of Kilimanjaro," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Hildegarde Neff. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Because You're Mine," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, James Whitmore. Plus featurettes.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Importance of Being Earnest

EVERY nuance of wit, humor, and artifice that is to be found in Oscar Wilde's play "The Importance of Being Earnest" is delightfully rendered in director Anthony Asquith's adroit technicolor version of the story of high life in the Victorian manner.

Whether you will enjoy the picture depends entirely on your own sense of humor.

Don't expect sparkling jokes.

But if you like an elegant film that makes its bid for merriment on a succession of pointed epigrams, plus theatrical observations of people and institutions of another day, you will find "Importance" highly diverting.

The hand-picked cast carries the frail story and the audience along with a sweep of flamboyance that is perfectly attuned to mood, period, and subject matter.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Living the gay life in London, bachelors Michael Redgrave and Michael Denison are painfully virtuous to their respective families.

Redgrave uses a concocted relative to cover his frolics, and this promotes a romantic tangle involving saucy Joan Greenwood and ingenious Dorothy Tutin.

All these performers are splendidly in character.

Drollery is added to proceedings by Dame Edith Evans, who plays aristocratic Lady Bracknell with indomitable aplomb, by Margaret Rutherford's Miss Prism, and by the Canon Chasuble of Miles Malleon.

In Sydney—Lyceum.



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Return in the Argos to investigate stories of a "ghost whale." They are attacked by a strange object like a torpedo, and pirates dressed in glowing clothes appear from nowhere to invade the Argos. They loot the yacht, and after being bound and gagged their captives are locked in the cabins. Mandrake hypnotises the pirates into thinking he is already tied. **NOW READ ON:**

AS SOON AS THE PIRATE LEAVES THE CABIN, MANDRAKE'S HYPNOTIC BONDS DISAPPEAR!



THEY'RE AMAZED TO SEE THE ENTIRE PIRATE CREW GOING OVERBOARD INTO THE DARK SEA . . .



THEY ARE STUNNED AT THE SIGHT! THE GLOWING GHOST WHALE HAS RETURNED! AND THE GLOWING PIRATES SWIM INTO ITS GAPING JAWS!



PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason is on the trail of Roy Adger, who stole plans of scientist Dr. Early's invention. Adger framed Sally Dale; then helped her "escape" to his country shack, where he later joined her. Mason arrives at the shack, and the two men fight. Sally ends the fight by hitting Mason with a heavy vase. She finds Dr. Early's plans, and at last realises Adger's guilt.



★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): The spotlight is on you. Popularity, social prestige is yours for the asking. December 25 sparkles with Aries joy. Beware of quarrels or accidents in the evening of December 27.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Taurus plans click on December 24. December 26 favors holiday trips and outings of every kind, with good fortune in attendance until December 29 closes a chapter.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): December 24 whirls you round in an atmosphere of excitement likely to be sustained throughout the holidays. December 28 may demand a rest for overstrained nerves.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Should a small incident chill your spirits on December 23, don't exaggerate its importance. December 26 promises a lucky strike, almost certainly with partners.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Parents may find children a handful on December 23 through excitement or minor illnesses. Others should defer requests until later. On December 26 you can't go wrong.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Virgoans will surprise everybody by blossoming out. Love affairs, parties, romantic episodes for the young and not-so-young, beginning

December 24, climax on December 29.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Libra hearts will be happiest at home on December 24. If you have just acquired a new place to live or if decorating the old one, you're the central figure.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Satisfaction, partly expressed but also deep within, should make December 25 so memorable that any little disappointment on December 27 will be soon forgotten.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): December 25 is likely to have a special message and a desired practical gift for you. December 26 could bring success in a speculative venture.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Try to soft-pedal the personal angle; just be one of the group on December 25. Should December 27 prove trying, you'll have your innings December 28.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Should December 24 turn everything topsy-turvy, climax a business or love affair, or grant a long-cherished wish, take December 27 to recover.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): For many of you, December 25 is right out of this world. An offer of marriage, news in regard to personal plans may leave you in a daze until December 29.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

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Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 24, 1952